The Bookman.

"I am a Bookman."—*James Russell Lowell.*

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NOTICES.

All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed to the Editor *of* The Bookman, 27, Paternoster Row, London, E.C., *at latest by the 20th of each month—if possible earlier.*

No unused communications will be returned whether stamps are enclosed for that purpose or not, and to this rule we can make no exception.

All new books sent for review will receive notice, long or short, in the succeeding number. Thus all books received before the 15th *of* September *will be noticed in the* October *number; books received subsequently and up to the* 15th October *in the* November *number.*

NEWS NOTES.

By Christmas we shall have a very large amount of Browning literature in the market. The copyright of some of Mr. Browning's best work expires, and more will expire a little later on. Browning's publishers, Messrs. Smith, Elder and Co., are, we believe, to issue a cheap edition, and we have heard of no fewer than half-a-dozen publishing firms who are also to put editions on the market. Some of these will be miracles of cheapness, and for the first time Browning will be accessible to the general public.

Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton will publish in this country the magnificent new edition of Mr. Barrie's works in eight volumes, which is being prepared by Messrs. Scribners, of New York. It will include "The Little Minister" and "Sentimental Tommy," and all the rest of his work which the author has put his name to, including his first publication, "Better Dead." Mr. Barrie has enriched the edition by prefaces to the various books, which will be found of great interest. The volumes are illustrated in the best style. Five hundred sets will be available for sale in England of the ordinary edition, and fifty on Japanese vellum.

It is expected that Mr. Barrie's book on his mother, "Marget Ogilvy," will be published in London and New York on December 10th.

Mr. Rudyard Kipling and his wife and family are expected to be in England about the end of the first week in September.

Mr. Kipling's new long story, entitled "Captains Courageous," will not, as announced in so many papers, appear in the *New Review*. The serial rights for this country have been secured by the managers of *Pearson's Magazine*.

We regret to hear that Miss Beatrice Harraden has again been seriously unwell, and that in consequence the appearance of her new novel is likely to be postponed. Miss Harraden, who is at present in California, is expected to be in this country in the early part of October.

Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton will publish early in October a new Scotch work entitled "The Land o' the Leal," by David Lyall. Most of these sketches have already appeared in the *British Weekly*, where they have attracted great attention, and it is confidently expected that the volume will share the popularity which the Scottish school have so largely enjoyed of recent years. We regret to say that, in spite of the strongest remonstrances, the Fleming H. Revell Co. have issued an edition of this book in America, which is very incomplete, altogether unrevised, and entirely without the sanction of the author. The authorised, complete, copyright edition is to be published in New York by Messrs. Dodd, Mead, and Co. Happily the respectable American publishers are setting their faces strongly against piracy, and we have no doubt that the action of the Revell Company will be generally condemned.

Arrangements have been completed for the issue in America by Messrs. Scribner of a complete uniform edition of all Mr. Rudyard Kipling's works. It is anticipated that the edition will consist of eleven volumes, and that Mr. Lockwood Kipling will design a frontispiece for each volume.

Complete editions seem to be the order of the day. We hear that Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin and Co., of Boston, are about to issue a "Riverside" edition of Mr. Bret Harte's works. The edition will probably be complete in sixteen volumes.

Mr. Henry Seton Merriman is now engaged in writing a new novel, to which he has given the title of "In the Tents of Kedar." Prior to the appearance of this story he has arranged to run a short serial entitled "Dross" through the columns of the *Queen*, commencing in the first week of October next.

At last we are to have a life of Mary Queen of Scots, moderate in compass, up to date, and written with full knowledge of all the recent literature. The author is Mr. D. Hay Fleming, and our readers will remember that the skeleton of the work appeared in The Bookman. It has now been re-written, greatly extended, and fortified with many notes. It will be in two volumes, and the first of them, will, it is expected, be published in November by Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton.

There seems no doubt now that Mr. Rudyard Kipling's long promised volume of poems will be issued this autumn. We hear that half the copy is already in the printer's hands, and that the remainder will follow at an early date. This volume, together with a new illustrated edition of his "Soldier Tales" and a birthday book, will be Mr. Kipling's output for the autumn season.

The title of Messrs. Hutchinson and Co.'s new magazine is, we hear, to be the *Lady's Realm*.

Mr. Gilbert Parker is at present staying at Westgate. He will shortly go to New York to superintend the production

of the dramatised version of his successful novel, "The Seats of the Mighty."

The biography of Archbishop Magee which Canon Macdonnell has been preparing for so long will be fully up to expectation. It mainly consists of letters by the Archbishop, and most of these are written to the biographer, who was from boyhood a close and attached friend. While the whole part of Dr. Magee's life is fully narrated the main stress is laid upon his work as a Bishop, and while there are many pungent things in the letters, they give, as a whole, a very amiable view of the Archbishop's character.

Readers of Brontë literature will find some interesting letters in the biography of Lockhart by Mr. Andrew Lang which Mr. Nimmo will publish in October. Lockhart was an enthusiastic admirer of "Jane Eyre," and gave it the highest rank among the fiction of the time. Although he inserted Lady Eastlake's critical article in the *Quarterly Review* he differed entirely from his critic's literary estimate of the work, but he seems to have shared her opinion of its outspokenness.

The title of Mr. Hall Caine's new story which is to appear in the *Windsor Magazine* is "The Christian." This is the title of a periodical. It was decided some time ago that a periodical could not take a title which had been used by Mr. Spurgeon for one of his works.

Professor Saintsbury has completed his book on "The Flourishing of Romance and the Rise of Allegory," written for the "Periods of European Literature" series, which he is editing for Messrs. William Blackwood and Sons. This volume, which covers the periods of the 12th and 13th centuries, will be the first of the series to be issued; the others will appear at intervals of three months.

Mr. Arthur Morrison's "Child of the Jago" will be published in England by Messrs. Methuen, and in America by H. S. Stone and Co., of Chicago.

Mr. H. S. Wells has written for one of the popular sixpenny magazines a new tale that is said to be even more novel in conception and more sensational than anything he has yet done. It will run for several months.

A collection of Mr. Zangwill's "Without Prejudice" will shortly be issued in book form.

Mr. Stanley Weyman's new novel, "Shrewsbury," will be published in the *Idler* next year.

Dr. Conan Doyle has lately completed the manuscript of a new novel of the Napoleonic period, which will first appear in the *Queen*.

Mrs. Flora Anna Steel's new novel of Indian life will be entitled "The Face of the Waters." It will be published in the early autumn by Mr. Heinemann.

To follow Mr. Wells's bicycle story in *To-day*, Mr. Jerome has secured a novel by Mr. Clark Russell, called "The Last Entry."

Mr. R. D. Blackmore, who, it appears, cannot be induced to write more than one short story a year, has finished a story for the Christmas number of *St. James's Budget*.

The title, "The Power of the Dog," which Lucas Malet proposed to give her new work, having been taken by another writer, she has been obliged to cast about for a fresh title, and, we understand, she has decided upon "Carissima." Messrs. Methuen publish the book next month.

Messrs. Scribner of New York will issue an *edition de luxe* of Mr. George Meredith's books in America. The edition is limited to 1,000 copies for England and America. We understand that Messrs. Scribner have also secured Mr. Murray's edition of Lord Byron, which is to be edited by the Earl of Lovelace.

Messrs. T. and T. Clark hope to issue the first volume of their new Dictionary of the Bible within a year. As we have previously stated the editor is the Rev. James Hastings. The article "Priests" will be written by Professor Driver for the Old Testament, and by Dr. Denney for the New. Professor Sanday has undertaken the article "Jesus Christ," and the space such a subject demands will be afforded him. Canon Driver will write articles in Biblical theology only. Professor Ramsay will do the whole of the Asia Minor work, and Professor Gwatkin the whole subject of the organisation of the Apostolic Church. Among the American scholars who will contribute to the work are Professor Thayer of Cambridge, President Harper of Chicago, Professors Porter, Stevens, and Curtis of Yale, Professors Purves and Warfield of Princeton, and Professor Beecher of New York.

The publication of Dr. Cunningham Geikie's work has been transferred to Messrs. Longmans and Co.

Dr. Parker's new book, "Might Have Been: Life Notes," to be issued by Messrs. Chatto and Windus in October, is largely imaginary. It contains conversations which might have taken place, but did not, between Dr. Parker and Lord Beaconsfield, Dr. Parker and Lord Salisbury, and many others. There is, however, a certain amount of history in the book, including reminiscences of Mr. Gough and Mr. Spurgeon. Several letters from Mr. Spurgeon are printed.

Sir Walter Besant is spending a holiday near Whitby.

Mr. Fisher Unwin will publish in the early autumn another book from the pen of Mr. Louis Becke. It is entitled "His Native Wife."

The author of that extremely clever story, "His Honour and a Woman," has just completed a sequel to "An American Girl in London." The new story is entitled "An American Girl Abroad," and has already been secured for early serial publication by a well-known lady's weekly newspaper. It may not be generally known that Mrs. Cotes (Sara Jeanette Duncan) is a prominent member of the staff of the Indian *Daily News*, Calcutta.

We regret to hear that Mr. Levett Yeats has been so unwell as to necessitate his taking a holiday from his official duties. He is at present in Simla.

The Queen has been graciously pleased to accept a copy of Mr. Rolf Boldrewood's book, "Old Melbourne Memories." The book, as its name implies, treats of the early days of the colony which has the honour of bearing Her Majesty's name.

Miss Adeline Sergeant, who has spent the winter and spring in Italy, is now in Switzerland, and is not expected back until October.

Mr. W. E. Morden has nearly completed his History of the parish of Tooting Graveney in Surrey. It is here that Defoe is supposed to have resided and founded a Dissenting place of worship in 1688. The work will contain 250 years' records of rectors, churchwardens, overseers, highway surveyors, etc., and notes collected from the various books of these bodies, some dating back to 1645; illustrations of the old church, with its round Saxon tower (there was a church at the time of the Conquest), which was pulled down in 1833; records of repeated struggles on the part of the people for their common rights; and a number of interesting biographical notes. The book has taken five years to compile.

Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton will publish a new work of fiction by Mr. H. W. Lucy in October. The title will be "The Miller's Niece."

Messrs. Methuen have published "Dartmoor Idylls" by the Rev. S. Baring-Gould. These idylls were previously published in the *Woman at Home*.

Mr. Frankfort Moore has completed his story, entitled "The Jessamy Bride," in which Dr. Johnson is introduced as one of the characters. It is to be published serially in the *Illustrated London News*.

Some months ago Mr. Unwin had placed in his hands a set of scrap-books containing all the journalistic work which Mr. William White, the father of "Mark Rutherford," wrote for the *Illustrated Times*, a publication which died over thirty years ago, and which was the precursor of the *Illustrated London News*, and papers of that type. Mr. White was really the father of that picturesque kind of journalism in which the gestures, voice, and the by-play of members of Parliament are described. His papers appeared once a week, and were illustrated with large woodcuts. They cover a considerable number of years, including the premiership of Lords Palmerston and Derby, the first Beaconsfield premiership, and two of Mr. Gladstone. Mr. White, who was doorkeeper of the House of Commons, was quite an exceptional man. He was a good scholar, and, indeed, uses Latin tags in his writings *ad nauseam*. He was a friend of many of the distinguished members he writes about. Lord Beaconsfield often went into his room to have a chat with him, although he always wrote about D'sraeli as a charlatan and an adventurer. A selection to the extent of about 120,000 words has been made from these scrap-books, and will be printed exactly as it was written. Mr. Justin M'Carthy, whose own recollections extend over all the time treated by Mr. White, will divide the work up into sections, to each of which he will contribute brief notes necessary to make the matter intelligible to the ordinary reader, and will also contribute an introduction in which some of his own reminiscences bearing on the points will be given. Mr. William White's style was exactly the opposite of his son's; it was very decorative and journalistic.

"A Stormy Voyage," a new story by Annie S. Swan (Mrs. Burnett Smith) will be published soon by Messrs. Hutchinson. It will contain full-page illustrations.

A beautifully illustrated book of travels by G. Vuillier entitled "The Forgotten Isles," will shortly be issued by Messrs. Hutchinson. The isles include Corsica, Sardinia, Majorca, and Minorca. The translation has been done by Mr. Frederic Breton, author of "The Trespasses of Two" and "God Forsaken." There are 162 illustrations by the author.

A first edition of 5,000 copies of Miss F. F. Montresor's new story, "False Coin or True," will be published immediately by Messrs. Hutchinson. Miss Montresor's story, "Into the Highways and Hedges," is now in its eighth edition.

Two musical books of some interest will be issued by Mr. Fisher Unwin in the course of this month. First in importance comes a translation by Constance Bache of the early correspondence of Hans von Bulow. These letters deal with his life under Wagner, whom he served as a director by way of musical apprenticeship. The collection also includes those that he wrote while he was under the tuition of Liszt, who was a great friend of his parents, and who along with Wagner prevailed on them to allow him to follow the musical profession. These letters are characterised by the refreshing egoism which made Bulow so famous, and the story of his great struggle with the famous Signor Sontag, whom he insulted in an article in a German review, is related with many amusing details. The translator contributes an introduction, and portraits will be given.

The other important musical work is "The Long Life" of Mary Cowden Clarke, one of the daughters of Vincent Novello, who was the first to issue cheap editions of the oratorios of Handel, and who bought the "Songs without Words" at a sum which would stagger the Authors' Society. Among her special friends were Gounod, who made a confession to her that his art at moments of inspiration was like the joy of first love; Charles Dickens, whom she seems to have pleased by her acting as an amateur; and, of course, nearly all the great singers and composers who came in contact with her father's firm. She resides now in Genoa, where her brother, the late head of the Novello firm, recently died. The book is a comfortable volume, illustrated with portraits.

It is announced that the author of the very striking story, "An Uncrowned King: A Romance of High Politics," which has been running through the pages of *Blackwood's Magazine* for some months, is Mr. Sydney Grier, whose story, "His Excellency's English Governess," has been very popular this summer. "An Uncrowned King" will be issued in volume form by Messrs. Blackwood very shortly.

Messrs. Blackwood are to publish early this season a highly sensational story by Theo Douglas, entitled "Iras: a Mystery."

The Hon. Fred Moncrieff, whose "X Jewel" was so favourably received last spring, has followed up that romance with another, entitled "The Provost-Marshal," which Messrs. Blackwood are to publish in the autumn. Like the previous story, this is a historical romance, and concerns the times of James the Sixth, the original portrayal of whom was one of the successes of the "X Jewel."

One of the earliest volumes to be issued by Messrs. William Blackwood and Sons in the coming autumn season will be "From Batoum to Bagdad," by Mr. Walter B. Harris, author of "Tafilet," "A Journey through the Yemen," etc. The book will be dedicated to H.R.H. the Prince of Wales. Mr. Harris is at Homburg at present. At his home in Tangier he is building a new residence for himself. Mr. Harris is a frequent contributor to *Blackwood's Magazine*, in which appeared the narrative of his daring excursion into the camp of the Sultan of Morocco, disguised as a Moor.

Mrs. R. L. Bryce has written a memoir of her uncle, the late Professor Veitch, which Messrs. Blackwood will publish shortly in a volume uniform with the new edition of the "History and Poetry of the Scottish Border." The memoir will contain, among other illustrations, a photogravure reproduction of a portrait of Veitch.

In September, Messrs. Blackwood are to issue Sir Herbert Maxwell's "Dumfries and Galloway," the new volume in their "County Histories" series. The death of Mr. Allardyce has delayed the publication of "Aberdeen and Banff," which was to have followed Sir Herbert's, and the third volume of the series will be "Moray and Nairn," by Sheriff Rampini. Sheriff Mackay's "Fife and Kinross" has had a large sale; indeed, we understand that the large paper edition is almost exhausted.

MONTHLY REPORT OF THE WHOLESALE BOOK TRADE.

JULY 20 TO AUGUST 22, 1896.

The period indicated above, always a quiet one, has this year proved no exception. It is scarcely to be expected that the public will devote itself to anything approaching serious reading, with unbroken sunshine to woo them out of doors. The 6s. novels have proved the booksellers' friend at this juncture, as they have been selling very well indeed, Trade with foreign countries and the colonies has been satisfactory.

Miss Braddon has joined the ranks of the 6s. novelists and announces her new work, "London Pride," for publication in this form in October. A colonial edition is also to be issued. The cheap edition of this popular authoress' "Sons of Fire" has been and still is in great favour.

Bicycling literature is well to the fore, especially works dealing with cycling for ladies.

The various branches of natural history, such as butterfly and egg collecting, are being ardently studied, to judge from the demand for such books as Kearton's "Birds' Eggs," Gordon's "Our Country's Birds," and "Our Country's Butterflies and Moths," and similar publications. With "all the world" holiday-making, the sale of Murray's, Baedeker's, and Black's Guides can easily be understood. There is also considerable enquiry for guides locally published.

Among magazines, the reduction of *Pall Mall Magazine* to 1s. net (the original price was 1s.) is noticeable. How this publication as well as *Pearson's* and the *Strand Magazine* can be produced at their respective prices is a wonder indeed. *Chambers' Journal* is as much appreciated as ever, all rivals notwithstanding. *Harper* and the *New Review* are also very popular.

Considerable interest is still shown in works dealing with South Africa, both its products and its history. A large number of copies of the "Downfall of Prempeh" have been sold.

Short stories are again in favour to some extent. Several well-known authors, including Marie Corelli and S. Baring Gould, have contributed a volume of this nature.

There has been quite a run on Williams' "Made in Germany," a book dealing with the serious side of the question. It is obviously a work which is of interest to almost everybody in the country.

Technical works on nautical subjects, noticeably the volumes of Griffin's "Nautical Handbooks," are meeting with a good sale.

The 6s. novel still reigns supreme. H. S. Merriman appears to be the favour ite writer of fiction at the moment of writing.

The list appended gives a fair idea of the public taste of the moment. It shows variety, and also continued appreciation of the leading works of fiction, which have already figured in this category. The order of the titles is of no significance.

The Sowers. By H. S. Merriman. 6s.
Without Sin. By H. S. Pritchard. 6s.
Illumination. By H. Frederic. 6s.
The Seats of the Mighty. By G. Parker. 6s.
An Amazing Marriage. By G. Meredith. 6s.
Adam Johnstone's Son. By F. M. Crawford. 6s.
Flotsam. By H. S. Merriman. 6s.
Fellow Travellers. By the author of "Mona Maclean." 6s.
His Honor and a Lady. By S. J. Duncan. 6s.
Her Point of View. By G. M. Robins. 6s.
The Courtship of Morrice Buckler. By A. E. W. Mason. 6s.
Kokoro. By L. Hearn. 5s.
The Ascent of Woman. By R. Devereux. 3s. 6d. net.
W. V.: Her Book and Various Verses. By W. Canton. 3s. 6d. net.
In Scarlet and Grey. By F. Henniker. 3s. 6d. net.
Rome. By E. Zola. 3s. 6d.
The Reds of the Midi. By F. Gras. 3s. 6d.
Made in Germany. By E. E. Williams. 3s. 6d.
Boer and Uitlander. By W. F. Regan. 3s. 6d.
March Hares. By G. Forth. 3s. 6d. net.
The Mind of the Master. By John Watson. 6s.
Li Hung Chang. By R. R. Douglas. 3s. 6d.
The Scenery of Switzerland. By Sir J. Lubbock. 6s.
Know your own Ship. By T. Walton.
Ten Years in a Portsmouth Slum. By R. R. Dolling. 6s.
Life of Peter Mackenzie. By J. Dawson. 3s. 6d.
Animals at Work and Play. By C. J. Cornish. 6s.
The Downfall of Prempeh. By R. B. Powell. 10s. 6d.
The Creed of the Christian. By C. Gore. 1s. 6d.

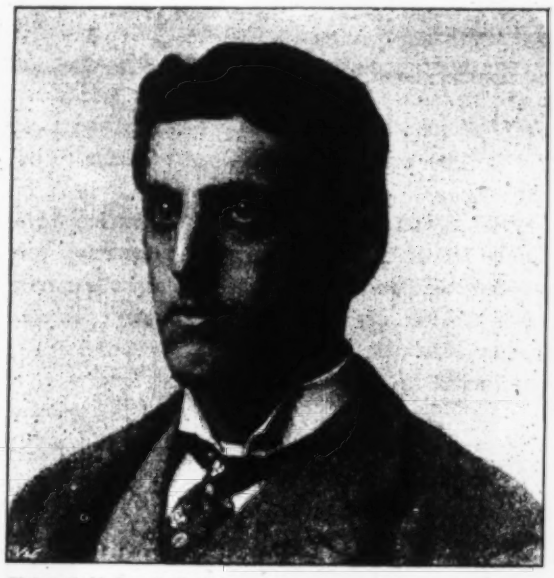
WEEKLY STATEMENT OF THE WHOLESALE BOOK TRADE.
Week ending

July 25, 1896.—Trade a trifle better throughout. Foreign and Colonial orders moderate.
Aug. 1-8, „ —A fair week for the season of the year. Export trade improving.
„ 15, „ —Trade about normal at the commencement, but at the close of the week was very quiet indeed. Export orders satisfactory.
„ 22, „ —A typical summer week, enlivened by the appearance of some of the earlier magazines. A fair export trade.

NEW WRITERS.

MR. STEPHEN PHILLIPS.

THE author of "Christ in Hades," a remarkable poem published by Mr. Elkin Mathews a few months ago, which many lovers of poetry welcomed for its very beautiful gravity and its power of flashing mysterious and overawing



Photographed by Russell, Wimbledon.
MR. STEPHEN PHILLIPS.

pictures on the imagination, has poetry in the blood. He is distantly related to Wordsworth; and Charles Lloyd, whose name is familiar to all students of the Lake poets as the intimate friend of Coleridge, De Quincey, and the others, was an ancestor. Mr. Phillips was born at Somertoun, near Oxford. Although early stirred to write verse—first consciously when Coleridge's "Christabel" was read to him during a dangerous illness—he did not seek a literary career at the outset. After reading for some time for the Civil Service he went on the stage, attaching himself to the dramatic company of his cousin, Mr. Frank Benson. He there played a variety of parts from Diggory to Iago, not forgetting the Ghost in "Hamlet." Tradition says Shakespeare played that too, but tradition does not say Shakespeare was called before the curtain, and so there Mr. Phillips scores.

His first verse was published in the *Spectator*, in the columns of which his poems still appear from time to time. To a volume of verse called "Primavera," published by Mr. Blackwell, of Oxford, and very favourably received, Mr. Phillips made considerable contributions. One of his associates in this undertaking was Mr. Laurence Binyon, now well known for his "London Lyrics." The wish to devote himself as far as possible to poetry made him after a time abandon the stage as a profession, though he feels that the experience there has not been unprofitable to him, and that it has tended to the vividness of his expression. Since then he has been lecturing on English history at Messrs. Wolfram and Needham's army classes at Lee, his leisure being occupied with the study and the writing of verse. "Eremus," published by Messrs. Kegan Paul, did not receive much general notice, but some distinguished critics were not blind to its merits, Mr. Stopford Brooke saying of it, "All the space thrills and vibrates with emotion," and Mr. Lionel Johnson praising it highly in the *Academy*. "Christ in Hades," his next work, was, however, immediately recognised as a work of power, Mr. Hutton, in the *Spectator*, calling it "a wonderful dream, a dream which stirs the heart in every line." It has now gone into a second edition.

Mr. Phillips hopes shortly to publish another small volume of poetry, the purpose of which will be to depict the tragedy of modern existence in great cities. It will receive immediate and sympathetic attention, for its author has by his previous work quite broken through the frosts of indifference which meet and hinder every young poet at the outset.

NOTES FROM PARIS.

THAT M. de Goncourt's will would be contested by his relatives can, of course, never have been doubted even by the testator himself, a prospect which, very possibly, afforded him some gratification. There is no doubt whatever—as the French law stands—that the Courts will uphold the will, and as French litigation is comparatively a cheap commodity, the de Goncourt academy will secure a first-rate advertisement at a nominal rate. I have calculated that the entire cost to the estate of the proposed litigation—even if the case is carried to the Courts of Appeal and of Cassation—will not exceed £300. And as I have said, the "send-off" which the Académie Goncourt will thus secure is very cheap at the price.

As soon as it became known that the will was to be contested, an evening newspaper—*La Liberté*—published a copy of it *in extenso*. The copy took up one whole page of the four pages of which *La Liberté* is composed. How differently they do things in France! *La Liberté* is the organ of a syndicate of financiers, and deals almost exclusively with financial and political news. Yet such a paper sacrifices, or rather consecrates, one quarter of its space to the publication of the will of a mere literary man. What would the editor of a London financial organ say to a proposal to do likewise, especially in the case of a mere literary man who was never popular and did not sell well? This is only another proof of what I have often pointed out, that in France the interest in literary matters is paramount, whilst in England it is limited in the extreme.

Certainly it was a good thing to publish M. de Goncourt's will. It is, in its way, as good a piece of prose as any that the late master ever wrote, and certainly one of the most characteristic. His curious personality manifests itself in its every sentence. The *ego* is pedestaled triumphantly here. At the same time valuable information is given to amateurs and collectors about the manner in which the deceased gentleman's books and art collections are to be disposed of. There are to be eight sales, of which three will be of M. de Goncourt's books. The first will include the collection of eighteenth-century books, and will figure as the "Bibliothèque du dix-huitième siècle des Goncourt, livres, manuscrits, autographes, affiches, placards," all the books mentioned and catalogued in de Goncourt's *Maison d'un Artiste*; whilst at the second sale will be offered at auction all books on antiquity, on the seventeenth century, on the foreign literature, etc. The third auction will dispose

of the "very large collection of books of modern literature (romantic and 'naturist'), almost all on Dutch, China, or Japan paper, and containing a page of the author's manuscript." In ordering these sales the testator speaks of the treasures which "my brother and I spent our lives in collecting, to rescue them from blind contempt."

I sincerely hope that, for the sake of all concerned, but more especially of M. de Goncourt himself, no effect will be given to his wish that twenty years hence the full unexpurgated manuscript of his *Journal* be published. What will the twentieth century, just then beginning to feel its strength, reck of the literary squabbles of the century that is dead? *Schwamm d'rueber!* (a sponge over all that) will surely be the cry. Yet how infinitely pathetic are these poor attempts of ours to eke out our little day! Where Talleyrand, who juggled with crowns and sceptres, failed, how can de Goncourt hope to succeed?

I cannot understand on what authority it has been stated that Zola's popularity is waning, and that his books are no longer in demand. I happen to know, from the very best source, that the contrary is the case, that his books have never sold better, and that "Rome" especially is in constant and increasing demand. Who is it who sets these canards on the wing, and for what purpose?

The book of the hour in Paris—I ought rather to say the book of the season—is "Aphrodite," by Pierre Louys. It is at present in its thirty-fifth edition, which probably means that about fifteen thousand copies have been sold. It is one of the few books published at the "offices of the *Mercure de France*" which have at all appealed to the public. It is the story of an Egyptian girl in the old Imperial days, and is written in the most beautiful French prose that it has ever been my delight to read. I ought rather to say that it is written in the most beautiful prose that it has ever been my delight to listen to, for when Pierre Louys was writing this book, I used to see him frequently either at my house or in his beautiful chambers in the Rue de Grétry, and he used to read me what he had written, and I used to listen to him with entire and charmed attention, a thing that one so rarely does under such circumstances. Pierre Louys, whom I used to nickname Lucien de Rubempré, whom in elegance and bearing he equalled, is a very young man, barely twenty-four, I should say. He has already published two books of poems, some translations from the Greek, and a book of prose-pictures represented as being a translation—all works of true artistic metal, exquisitely worked. A curious circumstance connected with "Aphrodite" is that much of it was written whilst Louys was serving his time as a soldier at Abbeville, a time of the greatest physical and mental suffering. Indeed, after four months' endurance, his health broke down completely, and he was liberated from further service unconditionally. He used to write to me frequently in those days, and in one of his letters he told me that his hands got so cold from handling his rifle in the bitter weather of that winter (1892-93) that he had to keep them in hot water for hours before his fingers got supple enough again to hold his pen. He suffered dreadfully from his surroundings, the coarse fellowships and all the privations, rendered doubly acute to him by reason of his fragile physique. Yet it was under these circumstances that this beautiful book was written, and here again we have an exemplification of the inspiriting power of suffering. Pierre Louys is the son of the late Dr. Louis, who was physician to Louis Philippe. His brother is a prominent official in the French Foreign Office, and is at present residing in Cairo as one of the Commissioners of the Dette Publique. Pierre Louys lives in the Rue de Grétry, where he has chambers furnished in most artistic style, full of rare books and pictures and tapestries. He is a neo symbolist by creed and amongst them *facile princeps*.

I hear that arrangements are being made for the publication of "Aphrodite" in English. The translator who can render into equivalent English the beautiful language of the original will be a very able man. He will have to be an artist!

I would recommend every one of my readers to read Alphonse Daudet's article "Ultima" in the current issue of the *Revue de Paris*. It is an account, in the form of a diary, of the last days, hours, and minutes of his friend, Edmond de Goncourt. It is a *chef-d'œuvre*, and is all the more interesting for the reason that it proves once more that a description of actual things can be as much a masterpiece as a description of things imagined, that there are occasions on which the journalist may appear the equal of the poet. This is a fact which few English critics admit. In this instance they will be forced to do so.

"J. H. Rosny" have been amusing themselves by writing a "fantaisie scientifique" entitled "Interplanetary Communication," in which they describe a process by which the inhabitants of the earth are enabled to correspond with the Martians and *vice versa*. It is a subject which has tempted most writers, but, except in a sketch which appeared some years ago in a New York paper, its possibilities for satirising our terrestrial institutions have been overlooked, nor do "J. H. Rosny," who are bitter enough in all conscience, make any use of this possibility. In the American sketch to which I refer, the Martians refuse to hold any further communication with us after we have, with great pains, explained to them class distinctions, capital, labour, pauperism, capital punishment, war, and so on. Their last signal to us is "Get civilised. Renew communications about 3,000 years hence."

The name of Paul Arène is being put forward as a candidate for the vacant fauteuil at the French Academy. It was Jean Richepin who, in a most eulogistic article in *Le Journal*, first drew attention to the signal claims of this admirable poet and prose writer. I do not think, however, that Paul Arène, whose life has been always a very independent one, would care for the social shackles of the Academy, or that he would minimise, by competing, the chances of the election of Emile Zola, his friend.

Apropos of the correspondence between Musset and George Sand being now for the first time published, and the objections made in some quarters to this feeding of *la chronique scandaleuse*, Jean Richepin has recently expressed himself in his usual sledge-hammer style: "If I were to learn to-morrow," he exclaims, "that Cervantes was a swindler, Molière a *ruffian*, and Shakespeare a murderer—well, and what then? It would not diminish my admiration and love for them by one iota. I will say more. Between

Shakespeare, murderer, but Shakespeare, and Pécuchet, a respectable man, but Pécuchet, I should not hesitate a second in giving my preference to Shakespeare. Well, and what about it?" These views do not obtain in England, where we make the artist suffer for the private individual, and despise Marlowe and Poe because they drank. This posthumous correspondence, by the way, is being published in the *Revue de Paris*.

A few days ago there died at Orsay a lady writer who, twenty years ago, was considered the best French authority on foreign literature. This was Madame Camille Selden, who for years contributed as literary critic and *feuilletoniste* to the old *Journal des Débats*. With her disappears the last critic of the old school, and literary criticism in France will now exclusively emanate from the publishers' clerks, whose Prière d'Insérer accompanies every book sent out to the press.

A certain prejudice against women writers still exists in France, and this explains why most ladies there write under male pseudonyms. Thus we have Henry Greville, with her sixty novels, J. Marni, Georges de Peyrebrune, *e tutte quante*. Severine, Madame Daudet, and Madame Adam have more courage. The first, by the way, has recently published a song of triumph on the success of women in the field of literature. "The battle against prejudice," she cries, "is won. Prejudice is dead, the good writers of our sex have killed it."

ROBERT H. SHERARD.

THE READER.

MR. SHORTER'S "CHARLOTTE BRONTË AND HER CIRCLE."

MR. SHORTER has now completed his long contemplated book on "Charlotte Brontë and her Circle," and it will be published by Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton in London, and Messrs. Dodd, Mead, and Co. in New York, in the beginning of October. For many years Mr. Shorter has been an ardent student of the Brontës, and has given proof in various ways of unusual sympathy and knowledge. He wisely resolved, however, to postpone publication until he had exhausted all possible sources of information. Having done so, he has now prepared a work which for sustained interest and permanent value can have very few rivals among the books of this or any year.

The peculiarity of Mr. Shorter's book is that it is original. Very little has been used that has appeared anywhere else. Although there has been a large amount of Brontë literature, it may be confidently said that the only work of permanent worth yet issued is Mrs. Gaskell's wonderful biography, to the merits of which Mr. Shorter pays a warm tribute after an investigation so thorough as to put his judgment beyond appeal. Mrs. Gaskell had the assistance throughout of Miss Ellen Nussey's large collection of letters. These she used with much judgment and very copiously. She had also the advantage of being a contemporary, and she enjoyed what was more than an acquaintanceship, though scarcely an intimacy, with Charlotte Brontë herself. Her book was written with the sanction of Charlotte Brontë's father and husband, but they were very little consulted in its preparation, and were by no means entirely satisfied with the result. Among the subsequent books on the subject, perhaps the best known is that of Sir Thomas Wemyss Reid. Sir Thomas at the time when his book was written was editor of the *Leeds Mercury*, and he had access to all the manuscripts of Miss Nussey. But these had been so well employed by Mrs. Gaskell that there was not much left to glean, and part of his volume is made up of matter that has previously been published. The main point that is new is the attempt to show that Charlotte Brontë when in Brussels fell in love with M. Héger, her teacher, but, as we shall see, this view is at least open to grave doubt. Another work which gives many particulars of Branwell Brontë by one who knew him is of very little value, and is discredited by an attempt to make out that Branwell Brontë had a hand in the composition of "Wuthering Heights." Mr. Shorter is able to disprove this by showing that Branwell Brontë was never aware that his sisters had published anything. Dr. Wright's recently published work on "The Brontës in Ireland" is exceedingly racy and graphic, but Mr. Shorter, who is confirmed in this by Miss Nussey and Mr. Nicholls, the husband of Charlotte Brontë, doubts its historical value. The other books on the subject are hardly worth mentioning.

From the beginning Mr. Shorter has had the assistance of Miss Nussey, who has opened to him stores previously undisclosed, besides at every point aiding him by her thorough knowledge of the subject and her excellent judgment. He has also obtained the very numerous and valuable letters written by Miss Brontë to her friend and "discoverer," Mr. W. S. Williams, of Messrs. Smith, Elder, and Co. These letters have only been very partially used hitherto, and they are perhaps the best that Miss Brontë ever wrote. But his main advantage has been the possession of the very many manuscripts by the Brontes in the possession of the Rev. A. B. Nicholls, who survives in an advanced but vigorous old age. Mr. Nicholls has in the kindest manner placed his precious stores at Mr. Shorter's disposal, and has supplied personal information of the utmost value and interest on many disputed points. Other old friends of the Brontës have come forward with materials only second in interest to these, and there is every probability that this will be the final work on the Brontës. It may be that some documents are still in existence in the hands of M. Héger's family which have not been at the biographer's disposal, and Charlotte Brontë's publisher, Mr. George Smith, of the great firm of Smith, Elder, and Co, is also understood to possess a number of letters. But, these two sources excepted, it is difficult to understand where new matter can now come from. Mr. Shorter has mainly made use of letters, and better reading could not be desired. It is not too much to say that Charlotte Brontë never wrote a poor letter, and to my mind her correspondence gains much by being printed in full. She touches upon very many subjects, personal and literary, and always has something to say that is worth reading. The manuscript work in poetry and fiction which Mr. Shorter has become possessed of will be utilised as far as seems wise in an edition of the Bronte novels to be edited by the present writer, and much of it will be found of importance. But Mr. Shorter's work is essentially of a biographical kind.

I do not propose to review the book at the present stage, but merely to give impatient readers a foretaste of what awaits them. The biographer commences with an elaborate article on Mrs. Gaskell, part of which has been already published. He there defines his own relation and that of his book to Mrs. Gaskell's great work. His first chapter is on Patrick Brontë and Maria his wife. He rightly considers that Mrs. Gaskell was unjust to old Mr. Brontë, and that the stories about him were largely due to the chatter of a dismissed servant. Of Maria Brontë, the mother of Charlotte, of whom so little is known, he gives nine letters. They will be read with the deepest interest and must leave a most favourable impression. Mr. Brontë long survived his daughters, dying in 1861 at the age of eighty-four. Mr. Shorter prints his will, in which he leaves his property to "my beloved and esteemed son-in-law, the Rev. Arthur Bell Nicholls, B.A." Next are discussed Charlotte Brontë's school and governess life. We have for the first time full particulars of Charlotte Brontë's experiences as a governess. They are related mainly in letters to Miss Nussey, to her brother the Rev. Henry Nussey, who was one of Charlotte's lovers, and to Miss Mercy Nussey, and to her sister Emily. Next is taken up Charlotte Brontë's life in that momentous period of her life which she spent in Brussels. In this the biographer has had the assistance of Miss Laetitia Wheelright, who was one of Charlotte's pupils at Brussels. Miss Wheelright has a most vivid recollection of her old teachers, of Charlotte and Emily, and the Hégers. Miss Wheelright entirely rejects the story of Charlotte's attachment to M. Héger. Miss Brontë's second visit to Brussels has been attributed to her ungovernable affection for her professor, and the letter to Miss Nussey has been quoted as if to bear out this suggestion. "I returned to Brussels after Anne's death against my conscience, prompted, by what then seemed an irresistible impulse. I was punished for my selfish folly by a total withdrawal for more than two years of happiness and peace of mind." But both Mr. Nicholls and Miss Nussey testify that this misgiving of Charlotte's was due to the fact that she had left her father practically unprotected from the enticing company of a too festive curate. He gave himself up at this time to very copious whisky drinking, from which Charlotte's home-coming speedily rescued him. I think, however, that there is still some mystery resting over this period. The evidence against Charlotte and her friends is furnished by her own books. It is difficult to believe that the feeling so passionately expressed in them had nothing corresponding in Charlotte's mind, and there the question must be left. Singularly interesting are the letters written during this period to Emily Brontë; most interesting of all perhaps that which describes her making a confession to a priest in Brussels Cathedral.

The chapter on Patrick Bramwell Brontë may be passed over. It is full and thorough, but the truth is that Bramwell was in every way a worthless character. His stories about his conquests were unmitigated lies; his attempts at prose and poetry were ridiculous, and he destroyed what faculties he had by drinking and opium. Far more important is the chapter on that wonderful and lonely genius, Emily Brontë. There is little of Emily's manuscript extant; almost everything seems to have been destroyed by the heartbroken sister who survived her. But I have a number of her poems hitherto unpublished, and Mr. Shorter gives many particulars of profound interest, especially two papers written by Emily and Anne to be opened four years after. The first, dated July 30th, 1841, is by Emily, and commences: "It is Friday evening near nine o'clock, wild, rainy weather. I am seated in the dining-room store, having just concluded tidying our desk boxes, writing this document. Papa is in the parlour, aunt upstairs in her room. She has been reading *Blackwood's Magazine* to papa." Four years after, July 30th, 1845, Emily writes again: "My birthday—showery, breezy, cool. I am twenty-seven years old to-day. This morning Anne and I opened the papers we wrote four years since, on my twenty-third birthday. This paper we intend, if all be well, to open on my thirtieth, three years hence, in 1848." The glimpses of Emily's life contained in her sister's letters before and after her death are extremely touching. Miss Nussey contributes to this chapter a graphic sketch of Emily as she remembers her.

Of the gentle Anne we have a comparatively full account. She was a sweet and winsome girl, and attracted even the curates; in fact, she herself was partly attracted by one curate who died young, Mr. Weightman. I must pass over the chapters on Thackeray, on William Smith Williams, on Margaret Wooler, on the Taylors, on the curates at Haworth, on literary friendships, and much besides. Mr. Shorter has very wisely grouped his book round Charlotte's few friends. She had indeed very few, but on all she left a most definite impression. For the first time these friends are fully commemorated, and we obtain an altogether new and vivid idea of what they were, and what they were to Charlotte. It would not be fair to disclose further the contents of Mr. Shorter's book. He has done his work with admirable taste, skill, and self-repression, and it is not too much to say that there is not one of these many pages which does not contain something of enduring interest. His best reward will be the permanent association of his name with those of the three immortal sisters.

W. ROBERTSON NICOLL.

LIVING CRITICS.

IX.—MR. EDMUND GOSSE.

IT has often been remarked, and history proves the wisdom of the suggestion, that the man who is to exercise the functions of the critic satisfactorily must at some period of his career have essayed creative work. That he should have succeeded is not essential. Mr. Edmund Gosse has been doubly fortunate in this respect; for not only has he exercised his pen in several departments of creative literature, but he has done so with conspicuous success. As a biographer, he has perhaps no living rival; his poetry is of high thought and graceful utterance all compact; he has even ventured into the garden of romance with a nosegay of a rich and old-world savour that reminds one of Madame Darmesteter's lilac-tree, "that will not grow in cities." Moreover, his poetry has many notes: the poet, therefore, has many sympathies.

But, while one is saying that Mr. Gosse's interests have

been various, one is reminded at the outset that they have been also strictly limited. Very few writers in the present pressure of journalism have confined themselves more rigidly to the claims of literature pure and simple. Professor Saintsbury has dallied with politics; Mr. Andrew Lang is the laureate of the bat and rod; but Mr. Gosse is content with his library and his bookmen. Whatever is good in literature finds a welcome from him, and he has done much to combat the provincialism and insular exclusiveness of current criticism; but with literature his interest begins and ends. And indeed he has found the field wide enough, as a cursory glance at his career will show us.

The first editor to give him something like a free hand was Froude, who was then conducting *Fraser's Magazine*, and one of the earliest essays from Mr. Gosse's pen which attracted attention was the admirable paper on Webster, subsequently reprinted in his "Seventeenth Century Studies" In this article, as readers will remember, Mr. Gosse set foot upon that field of literature which, among contemporaries, he has made peculiarly his own: the combination of biography and criticism. Since he has gained so much reputation from the felicity with which he moulds these elements together, it is not uninteresting to notice the influence under which he first essayed them. Mr. Gosse has always been a close student of Matthew Arnold, and Arnold, of course, modelled his criticism upon that of Sainte-Beuve. In the same way, Mr. Gosse turned to Sainte-Beuve; but, instead of taking from him, as Arnold did, main views and arguments, he studied rather his methods and architectonics, with the result that his essays are marked by a sense of construction and orderly development rare enough in these days of slip-shod, haphazard composition. And to the inexpert it would be incredible how much the force and impression of a paper depends upon its arrangement, and upon the fashion in which its points are marshalled. Much of the persuasiveness of Mr. Gosse's work is due to this early influence of Sainte-Beuve.

From a Photograph.

MR. EDMUND GOSSE.

Like most of the young men of his time, Mr. Gosse passed under the sway of the Pre-Raphaelite movement, and was attracted by the peculiar genius of Mr. Swinburne. Indeed, he was more exposed to its influence than the majority of them, seeing that he was a constant companion of the author of "Atalanta," and had the continual advantage of discussing literary matters in his company. In Mr. Gosse's earlier verse this is manifestly apparent; and, without enquiring too curiously, one may trace it still, in a modified form, in certain aspects of his prose. A not infrequent luxuriance or audacity of expression, to which we shall have occasion to refer hereafter, is directly referable, I think, to those long and animated conversations, and to the mannerism which is inevitably caught from the study of any very individual writer. With Mr. Gosse, however, the tendency has been fortunately tempered by other associations. For, though he was much younger than Professor Saintsbury, Mr. Lang, and John Addington Symonds, Mr. Gosse began writing so early that he is, in a literary sense, their contemporary; and with each of them he has been, at some period or other in his career, closely associated. He has thus been thrown among men of very different calibre; and it would be worth while, had we space or opportunity, to observe the various ways in which their tendencies have interacted upon one another. It must suffice here to note the relationship, since it was certainly not without influence upon Mr. Gosse's attitude to literature.

We pass, however, to what is most individual in his criticism, and to his own particular contributions to literary interests in England. In one respect, I think, the value of his labours can scarcely be over-estimated. When Mr. Gosse first began to write, very little notice was taken, among men of letters, of exotic literature. There was a strong tendency to British insularity in current criticism; Matthew Arnold had done much to break through the prejudice, but he stood alone, and his efforts were directed mainly towards the claims of one or two writers, and those the greatest. Mr. Gosse, being an accomplished linguist, was continually following the course of Continental literature; his eye was attracted by contemporary movements, and he saw at once their importance and their possible

value in this country. As early as 1871 he began to press the claims of Henrik Ibsen, a writer at that time absolutely unknown in this country. The publication of "Northern Studies" in 1879 marked something like an epoch in English letters; it was largely read, and was the first introduction of the English public to the Scandinavian author whose influence is now so generally apparent not only in our drama, but even in our fiction and our poetry. Two years previously Mr. Gosse had contributed to the pages of the *Cornhill*, then under the editorship of Mr. Leslie Stephen, his striking paper, "A Plea for Certain Forms of Exotic Verse," which first made clear to English experimentalists the rules of the rondeau, vilanelle, chant-royal, and other French metres, and which was followed by a stream of exercises in those pleasing forms, the best of which still survive in the volumes of Mr. Austin Dobson and of Mr. Gosse himself. At the same time, English readers began to widen the sphere of their interests; and the ground then cultivated has borne fruit an hundredfold. Nor has Mr. Gosse been content to rest upon his initiative. From time to time he has kept up the good work; and the International Library which he has edited for Mr. Heinemann has done a very great deal towards familiarising the English novel-reading public with sentiments and environment alien to their experience. The ordinary library-subscriber would have known nothing of Björnson, of Jonas Lie, of the Dutch "Sensitivists," or of the beginnings of literature in Bulgaria, without Mr. Gosse's helpful aid. The scheme once started, others have followed suit; and the advantage has been considerable. Were this his only claim upon our gratitude, he would deserve the thanks of all who have a care for literature.

But the work which first gave Mr. Gosse a definite and assured position was concerned with nothing exotic nor unfamiliar. It would scarcely be possible to name a poet more purely English than Thomas Gray; and it was the excellent "Life" of that author contributed to Mr. John Morley's "English Men of Letters" which first attracted public attention to Mr. Gosse's peculiar talent for biography. Its publication was followed by one concert of eulogy, and deservedly so; for it is a perfect model of the short biography. Two years later Mr. Gosse edited the "Works" of Gray in four scholarly volumes, which, one may safely say, will remain the standard edition. The credit which these performances carried with them was immediately proved by the sequel. In 1885 Mr. Gosse was elected to the Clark Lectureship at Trinity College, Cambridge, a post which had been held for one year by Mr. Leslie Stephen. Mr. Gosse made no application for the chair; but his claims were urged, in private letters to the Master, by the three leading men of letters—Tennyson, Browning, and Matthew Arnold. It would scarcely be possible for any *testamur* to be more richly endorsed; and Mr. Gosse may well be proud of the eulogies which they bestowed upon him.

Three years later he published, what is perhaps the most widely read of his works, his "History of Eighteenth Century Literature," in which he has most happily succeeded in infusing the charm of literature into the form of a text-book. In 1891 he published "Gossip in a Library," that fascinating companion of all bookmen; in 1893 "Questions at Issue," a collection of his more polemical essays in criticism; and in the opening of the present year "Critical Kit-Kats," in which he has resumed his early fellowship with Sainte-Beuve, and given us a series of pen-portraits, sympathetic but frankly free from indulgence, which show his talent at its happiest. Mention should also be made (though the work is not one of criticism) of the "Life" of his father, Philip Henry Gosse (1890), which many competent critics have declared to be the best piece of biography written during the last twenty years.

Such is the muster-roll of Mr. Gosse's critical publications; it remains to consider briefly a few of their leading characteristics. We have already noticed the breadth of his sympathies; they extend through almost every field of literature. It would not be too much to say that very few of the younger school of writers have failed to win a word of encouragement from him, for he is always on the outlook for promise. Good workmanship is especially attractive to him, and there have been many instances in which, while he has objected violently to the subject-matter, he has reserved the warmest praise for the manner of its presentment. For that kind of literature which can never be popularly acceptable—for scholarly essays and well-wrought verse—he is full of encouragement. Indeed, the form is paramount with him, receives his first attention. The inevitable result is that he is not always just to the more popular kinds of literature. He grows impatient of clumsy expression, and is not always careful to look below it, for the thought. Moreover, he is too much inclined to wage war against the popular novelist.

It is true that we hear a great deal nowadays of the successful story-writer, of his gains and his editions. Mr. Gosse, with the interests of literature at heart, grows periodically annoyed with these things, and allows them, perhaps, to obscure his appreciation of an author's work. One can recall more than one passage in which he has done scant justice to a popular writer from an exasperated sense of that writer's publicity. It is a pity, perhaps; but it is the direct outcome of Mr. Gosse's abundant sympathy with all the good and sincere work which gets stamped out in the traffic of the mart. And, after all, the popular writer gets a plentiful reward elsewhere. What is so especially stimulating in Mr. Gosse's criticism is his capacity for measuring his judgment, for seeing what is bad in work that he admires for seeing what is good in work that he deprecates. In all these instances there is needed, for his approbation, the saving graces of distinction, of method, of style; given these, he can pardon much. And his enthusiasm, once kindled, is infectious; he has carried many a young author into success by the generous impulse of his approval.

His eye is always upon the style. It follows then that he is himself a stylist. Indeed, there are very few living writers who, using their pen with so ready a fluency, leave so few sentences upon the paper with flaw or disfigurement. Mr. Gosse has at his command a graceful, melodious method, a rich vocabulary, and a singular wealth of imagery. Almost everything he sees suggests to him a parallel, and his pages are full of luminous and suggestive metaphors and likenesses. It is in the indulgence of this felicity that his danger lies—a danger already alluded to in this article. At moments his fancy becomes too exuberant, too luxuriant; he sets down a half-defined impression, an incomplete metaphor, which, failing to strike home, gives the reader a sense

of violence. The thought becomes a little tortured; the likeness overwrought. This, however, is but seldom; and here again it is the penalty of his talent which attends him. Among so many fortunate phrases, there must needs be one that halts. What should astonish us is the frequency and directness with which his vivid fancy hits the mark.

With the charm of style, and the advantage of subject-matter continually changed and novel, it is not surprising that Mr. Gosse has had considerable influence in contemporary literature. How far the man-in-the-street is content to follow his lead I do not know; possibly, with his tendency to break the popular idol upon the wheel of judgment, Mr. Gosse is a little too literary, too much of the *dilettante* for the taste that is supplied from the shelves of Messrs. Mudie's library. But among those who are sincerely interested in literature, he is always heard with respect, always read with pleasure and with profit. Occasionally his enthusiasm may have flashed up prematurely. He may have hailed the first book of an untried author with prophecy that the second has failed to fulfil, but the attractions of novelty are always dangerous. And the really strong men whom he has been the first to welcome are legion. It must be no little pleasure to him, when he takes down volume after volume from those library shelves round which he has conducted so many a reader with entertaining gossip—it must be no little pleasure to turn to the fly-leaves and read the grateful inscriptions by men of varying ages and strangely varying tastes whom his encouragement and advice have made his friends. It will scarcely trouble him then to remember that, of all that number, where "so many give promise of running well, so few reach the goal, so few are chosen." He, at least, has reached his own goal, and the wisdom of his encouragement has helped many others in that race whose difficulty is its glory.

ARTHUR WAUGH.

THE POETRY OF WILLIAM MORRIS.*

A GENERATION has read Mr. Morris's poetry, and with a good deal of liking. The first two parts of "The Earthly Paradise" are in their ninth edition, the rest in their seventh. Eight times has "Jason" been issued, and five times "Sigurd." This, for poetry, means a popular success. Mr. Morris's name having been associated with a movement, which if it was imperfectly understood by the general, was nevertheless a fashionable topic of interest, there has been a natural tendency to regard him especially in connection with that movement, whose main influence in England he has outlasted. A new issue of his work in verse may suggest, however, to many readers some inquiry as to the value to them of his work to-day, irrespective of the part he played with others, a part that in their poetry-loving moods, at least, does not concern them.

It may be given as a fair warning to a modest man that if he describe himself in print, he should never do so in an epigram or a rhythmical line. Nine-tenths of his readers, he may be sure, and all those that do not read him at all, will accept his description literally, delighted to be saved the burden of judging for themselves. One line of Mr. Morris's all the world knows and quotes—"The idle singer of an empty day." The words run so easily over the tongue, and they are his own. But perhaps it may have done some harm to the quality of his reputation in the eyes of a sober people like ourselves—for we are so yet, having much respect for what we have not the patience to read. Of course, he is not one of the sterner poets, but it is well to remember that it is often harder work to make a picture than a reflection, as the serious ones are popularly supposed to do. With extreme modesty he estimates his own light purposes:

> "No power great deeds unnameable to do;
> No knowledge for which words he may not find;
> No love of things as vague as autumn wind—
> Earth of the earth lies hidden by my clay,
> The idle singer of an empty day!"

Yet for all his protestations of earthliness and inability to help a stricken world, he is not a very light-hearted singer. Nearly every undertone of his music is melancholy. In "The Earthly Paradise" he never attempts to reflect the gaiety and the humour of his great Master, knowing his spirit to be quite different. He writes for an older world; "makes pictures through the mist of tears." The Wanderers are tired men, and they are welcomed and bidden rest by the Elders of the City. The young folks may listen, but it is for the solace of age and weariness that the tales of glorious youth, of high romance, and tragic sorrow are told, and then offered to us, if not as food, at least as opiates. Relentless fate, lurking Death, are ever menacing joy. Sharp strokes are given; the ring of battle has a rousing, wholesome sound; but even his younger heroes are apt to be fatalists. In "The Man born to be King," Michael, at his proudest moment, says:

> "trouble cometh after bliss,
> And I will bear all as I may,
> And ever as day passeth day,
> My life will hammer from the twain,
> Forging a long-enduring chain."

There is no note of rebellion save against the nearer, the very curable ills, such as the cruelty of lords and masters. Everywhere is a resigned sweetness—a sweetness that cloys if you unwisely take too long draughts.

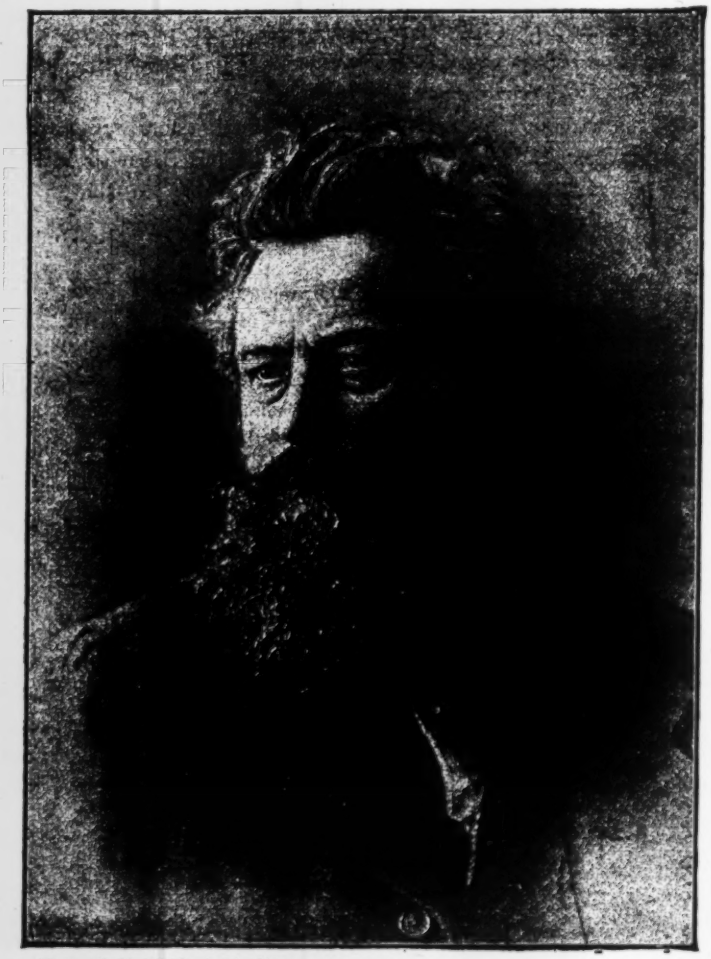
Looking over the field of his work, the crowning quality seems to be lucidity, and for a narrator there is no better. At his best and at his second best, the story runs on clear and orderly, and the effect is always pictorial. Though he loves circumstance, and stage furniture, and scenery, and embroidery, these very seldom blur the prominence of the action. His language is apt and harmonious; no writer to-day is more uniformly pleasant and easy. And, of course, we find the defect of this quality. His words do not bite in. The hastiest reader will carry away numberless pictures of scenes in court and bower, in greenwood and battlefield, and memories of some adventures of the soul as well, but of trenchant lines, images thronging in a word or two, not very many. Partly for this reason, he is in his longer poems a little monotonous. One might add he is not uncommonly careless, save that, though he may now and then write as if he cared not a jot for rhythm, or conciseness, he always respects the meaning and gives it plain expression.

First of all he is a teller of tales, yet in his lyrics are very winning notes. His love-poems have a rare exquisiteness about them; in their passion there is no terror, no brutality,

* "The Poetical Works of William Morris," 10 vols. 6s. each. (Longmans, Green and Co.)

but an unsurpassable tenderness. He is the chosen poet of the high courtesies of love in "From the Upland to the Sea," the lyric episodes in "Love is Enough," "The Two Sides of the River," in "Hope Dieth: Love Liveth," and pre-eminently in that perfect gem, the song of mysterious yearning the nymph sang to Hylas, in "Jason," reprinted in "Poems by the Way" as "A Garden by the Sea." I should like to pretend some reader has forgotten the words for the pleasure of transcribing

"I know a little garden-close
Set thick with lily and red rose,
Where I would wander if I might
From dewy dawn to dewy night,
And have one with me wandering."



Photographed by Abel Lewis, Isle of Man.
MR WILLIAM MORRIS.

But the poem must have a place in countless unprinted anthologies.

Mr. Morris attains his highest energy in half-a-dozen or so of his ballad love-stories. One of these, "The Wooing of Hallbiorn," where love, revenge, and despair keep terribly close company, is the perfection of romantic narration. Yet, like all who deal much in old forms and fashions, he occasionally caricatures these. Mr. Calverley would have felt no need to exaggerate

"There was a lady lived in a hall,
Large in the eyes, and slim and tall;
And ever she sang from noon to noon,
Two red roses across the moon."

And now and again he deals over much in the vocabulary and the circumstance of romance. In the beginning of "Sigurd," for instance, one almost feels Mr. Morris the democrat, in a mischievous fit, is cheapening titles of nobility, in his description of the "dwelling of kings," of which

"Dukes were the door-wards there, and the roofs were thatched with gold;
Earls were the wrights that wrought it, and silver nailed its doors;
Earls' wives were the weaving-women, queens' daughters strewed its floors."

But in certain of his ballad tales he reveals an artistic sense that no modern poet has shown in like perfection. He has infinitely surpassed Swinburne, Rossetti, and Bell Scott—to name only a few of his romantic contemporaries that have made more or less good versions of the same kind of thing—by an instinct, a faculty, an aptitude, which, whatever it be, is the key to the whole matter. Maeterlinck is his only rival in this regard. "Hallbiorn" is one example, but even better are to be found in the "Defence of Guinevere" volume. "The Chapel in Lyonesse" (which I make bold to think a far more wonderful production than the title poem), "Rapunzel," and "The Blue Closet" are the best. The stories in them, we may suppose, have come down to our day in broken hints, in coloured rags of past glory. Only some parts of them are renewable, or expressible in words to-day, though dimly and silently our minds may conceive the rest. These unspoken parts, these gaps, nearly every other modern imitator has either clumsily or ingeniously striven to fill up, and their patches, however studiously fashioned, entirely break the illusion. Mr. Morris, at least in those I have named, has not, and the effect produced is strangely mysterious and impressive, and, to the right readers, not too obscure. It is as if by a dim light the faded figures in old tapestries were to tell their tale in the hearing of a man of to-day, who should lose some of it, yet be too awe-stricken to invent. This method stretches out hands to times far remote from each other, and gives us a sure feeling that these few reproductions of old tales would be understanded by the persons who lived the stories, or by the folks to whom once they were the literature of the hour. This is a high distinction, but hardly a popular merit; for we are apt to ask that our translations should be in the forms familiar in our day. But there is nothing inhuman about them. Had Maeterlinck taken "Rapunzel" for his theme, as well he might, it would have come chillier out of his hands; while Galahad's whispered farewell (Galahad made a Pagan for the moment out of pity and desire to console), as the poor mad knight dies in the Chapel in Lyonesse—

"Ozana, shall I pray for thee?
Her cheek is laid to thine";

and the summons and release of the sad ladies in "The Blue Closet," are pathetic to a degree not often equalled in the realistic literature of far more familiar experiences.

Other poets of his time, using in great part the same material, but using it as the vehicle of lessons and morals, have more directly concerned themselves in their poetry with

the thought of their own day. Mr. Morris has lived in his day more strenuously than any of them—even rhymed for it, though that does not concern us here. Like his old Norse singers, he has fought in the present and sung of the past. Much of the matured and expressible thought of the time he does not find very high or very inspiriting; and he has not been ill advised in rather diverting us from it, and in soothing us by tales purged of all their sordid accidents, and sifted of their worthless dross by the great cleanser, Time.

A. M.

NEW BOOKS.

THE CENTENARY BURNS.*

To all students of Burns the artist and lovers of Burns the man, it ought to be at once a pleasure and a duty to heartily recognise the services rendered to his memory by Messrs. Henley and Henderson in the important edition of his Poetry of which two volumes have now appeared. There are many such students and lovers—I confess that I am one of the number—who find it undesirable and hardly even possible to separate the biography of the man from the works of the poet. They believe that the strength of what Lord Rosebery, felicitously condensing Milton's eulogium on Shakespeare into a mark of exclamation, recently described as "the miracle called Burns," lies in the fact that the great majority of his writings—all, indeed, except a few sonnets which in the latest years of his life he wrote to his models' (not his mistresses' eyebrows—while he was engaged in the great work of purifying Scottish song and Scottish sentiment, are transcripts or idealisations of his own experiences. They hold that, to understand the writings, one must first thoroughly master the experiences. But there are others—connoisseurs, perhaps, rather than lovers—who wish to separate that poetry which, as Messrs. Henley and Henderson put it, is "a notable and lasting contribution to literature," and is "the concern of comparatively few," from the life out of which it sprang. To such the edition published by Messrs. Henley and Henderson, and which, in point of typography, is worthy even of the press of Messrs. Constable, of Edinburgh, appeals, as no previous edition, not even that of Mr. Scott Douglas, has appealed.

"A chief object with the Editors," we are told in the preface to the first volume, "has been the preparation of a text as nearly classic as a systematic, and in as far as might be, an exhaustive collation of authorities—books, proof-sheets, tracts, broadsides, periodicals, and MSS.—could secure. They have spared no pains in its pursuit." Here is neither egotism nor exaggeration. I fear that only "comparatively few" will appreciate the enormous labour which has been spent in securing from innumerable sources innumerable variations from the generally accepted text of the poems, but such ought to revel in the results of this toil. Until the appearance of Mr. Henley's Essay on Burns in the final volume of this work, it would be unfair to him and his brother editor to dogmatise as to what they mean when they say in their preface, "First and last Burns was what is called a local poet. Indeed it is fair to say of him that he was the satirist and singer of a parish; so that even in his own time much of his verse, though it survives as verse of genius, was intelligible through all its niceties of meaning to his fellow-parishioners alone." But, in one respect at least, they make good their contention that "Burns borrowed largely from his predecessors," and that "being a great artist he derives from a numerous ancestry." The history of the stanzas used by Burns has never been followed up so minutely and so successfully as here. "The tracing of the life of Burns's favourite stave from its beginnings in Provence to its earliest known appearance in Scots verse"—for assistance in doing which Messrs. Henley and Henderson acknowledge obligations to Mr. Walter Raleigh, Liverpool, and Mr. James Fitzmaurice-Kelly, London—has been accomplished with a thoroughness which commands very high admiration indeed. Erudite, too, in the best sense, are many of the critical notes in both of these volumes. Especially good are the elucidations which appear in the second, and which trace the literary history of "The Jolly Beggars," and of the extraordinary personages who figure in it. In these is to be seen the master-hand of one of the editors of "The Slang Dictionary." Finally, the bibliographical notes and others in which the history of the appearance of various poems in newspapers, magazines, and collections is given with great fulness are much to be commended. As a rule, Messrs. Henley and Henderson refrain from over dogmatising as to the dates at which certain poems appeared. Thus, speaking of the "Address to the Toothache," they say that as "the only copy in MS. known to exist was inscribed by Burns in an '86 edition now belonging to Lord Blythswood, the verses may have been written between its issue and that of edition '87." They do not, like Mr. Scott Douglas, rush to the conclusion that because of this "inscription" they must have been written at this particular time.

While this edition of Burns is evidently to be a valuable one, to affirm that it will be "definitive" would be rash, and that apart altogether from the question whether any edition which excludes biography can fairly be considered definitive. It would be ungracious on the part of one engaged on a work which, although from its character and scope it does not directly compete with that of Messrs. Henley and Henderson, yet covers the same ground, to indulge in hypercriticism. Besides, whoever has taken his share in editing Burns or any other classic, knows how easy it is to fall into small blunders, or rather how altogether impossible it is to avoid them. It is necessary, however, to point out certain serious errors into which the "Centenary" editors have fallen. In the first place their marginal glossary—especially in the first and more important volume—is by no means what it should be. I say nothing of actual errors, although mistakes such as the interpretation of "gowk" in "The Brigs of Ayr" as "cuckoo," is inexcusable and misleading. But the glossary is not nearly full enough. It is evident that Messrs. Henley and Henderson themselves do not hold this opinion. They say: "There are not a few Scots readers of Burns, to whom the glossary will seem full to excess." It is safer to assume that there are not a few Scots and a very great number of English readers who will take quite the opposite point of view. As a matter of fact, a marginal glossary which does not explain every word in the text that is unfamiliar to an English reader of ordinary intelligence is imperfect. Judged by this standard, the glossary of "The Centenary Burns" must be pronounced to be very inadequate. Take the first poem in the first volume, "The Twa Dogs." Is it not making confusion worse confounded to explain "The fient a pride, nae pride had he," by merely placing the word "fiend" in the margin? Again, what is the meaning of "trashtrie," or, two lines further on, of "wee blastit wonner"? No doubt the reader is informed in a note that the "wee blastit wonner" was "Hugh Andrew, whipper-in to Colonel Montgomery" (*sic*) "of Coilsfield," but what is the meaning of "wonner"?

Again, what does the ordinary reader of "The Ordination" make of "Mak haste and turn King David owre"? Not only is Messrs. Henley and Henderson's glossary imperfect, but their notes are not sufficiently explanatory in the sense of clearing up mysterious points. Thus, to return to "The Ordination," why is "The wicked toun of Ayr" described as "wicked"? what is meant by "Morality's demure decoys"? and what, oh what! is the significance of the final lines—

> "We'll light a spunk, and ev'ry skin
> We'll run them aff in fusion
> Like oil some day"?

Or take such a poem as the curious "Address of Beelzebub." It is full of historical allusions, yet not one of these is explained.

The gravest blunder, however, committed by Messrs. Henley and Henderson appears in their second volume. Among the pieces which are included in it as either "here printed for the first time" or as having "not appeared in

* "The Poetry of Robert Burns." Edited by William Ernest Henley and Thomas F. Henderson. Volume I., Poems published at Kilmarnock, 1786.; additional poems, Edinburgh, 1787-93. Volume II., Posthumous pieces. (Edinburgh, T. C. and E. C. Jack, 1896.)

earlier editions of Burns," a place is given, p. 61, to "On the Duchess of Gordon's reel dancing." In a note it is stated that these lines were published in Stuart's *Star* on 31st March, 1789, and that they were signed "R. B." That is so. But on the 13th April Burns wrote denying his authorship, and declaring that he had never written a line upon the Duchess of Gordon in his life. And yet Messrs. Henley and Henderson talk of "an exercise in double dealing in the manner of Pope"! They have searched industriously for pieces by Burns which have never before been published, and they have had exclusive access to certain MSS. But they have found nothing of any value, except perhaps "The Mauchline Wedding"; and even in it Burns can hardly be said to be at his best. Are Messrs. Henley and Henderson aware that the epistle to William Stewart appeared in "Lockhart's Life," and what evidence deserving the name have they that "To Miss Isabella Macleod" and "A Sonnet upon Sonnets" were actually written by Burns? No doubt the editors of the "Centenary" Burns are not afraid to offend the squeamish, as is proved by their publication of the ballad of "Grizzel Grimme," which is now in the possession of Lord Rosebery, and the existence of which was made known some years ago by Mr. Thomas Watson of Dumfries. But are they quite entitled to bolster up their peculiar version of the lines "To Symon Gray" by saying, "For a complete copy of this reply we are indebted to a gentleman, whose statement satisfies us that it is authentic"? Messrs. Henley and Henderson are not greatly to be blamed for the comparative failure of their efforts to secure poems by Burns which have not hitherto seen the light. They cannot discover what does not exist.

WILLIAM WALLACE.

THE PAGET PAPERS. *

Sir Augustus Paget reminds us over and over again that his compilation is not a history. In his father's official correspondence there are gaps, and he has filled these with a brief narrative of affairs, and has prefaced the account of each diplomatic mission by a *précis* of the European situation at the moment. Mrs. J. R. Green has supplied notes which are extremely useful in saving constant reference to the general history of the period. We cannot complain that no more ambitious plan has been taken in regard to this very important correspondence; it would be impossible for anyone of a younger generation to make it the basis of a history of Europe during the Revolutionary and Napoleonic eras without frequently playing the critic to the Ambassador's point of view; and this would be unintelligent treatment of the material, which, rightly regarded, is evidence, not exposition. At the same time the editor has contrived that a book with an unusual amount of interesting matter in it should be very hard and distracting reading. The arrangement of the correspondence is solely ruled by date, so that we have the letters to his chiefs (and theirs to him), to the ministers at home, to ambassadors at other courts, to his parents, his brothers, his private friends, these, severally, treating of the particular international difficulty of the moment, his general views on politics, court scandals, domestic affairs, love stories, and pleasure parties, all mixed in a fine confusion. No great harm this in many biographies, but here the main interest happens to be the under history of the European troubles of the time, and though some of the remainder we should be sorry to miss, a little classification would have done much for clearness and utility. And—though this is a book that is of real value to the students of a period that has had more students than any other—of course, there is no index. There are not even chapter headings much more informative than "Berlin, 1794-1795," or "Palermo, 1800-1801," so that should we want to read again his references to Talleyrand, or Gentz, or the Hamiltons, or anyone else, we have to thumb and turn the pages till we find them. This is a reasonable grumble.

Sir Arthur Paget was ambassador for about twelve years, and it was a long time judged by what he had to go through. Diplomacy was a battlefield then, when one was sure to be wounded, and when the reward of conscious usefulness was rarely forthcoming. He had his full share of the rough and hopeless work at Berlin, striving to keep Prussia up to the alliance with England; at Munich in a nest of intrigues, and raging at the pusillanimity of the attitude towards Buonaparte; at Palermo, responsible in great measure for the English interests in the whole Mediterranean, working in an atmosphere of distrust, hindered on every side by incapacity and treachery; at Vienna, where he saw Bonaparte's power growing every day out of the timid weakness he had clamoured against, till the Campaign of Austerlitz made his presence in Austria a mockery; and at the Dardanelles, where he went on the thankless task of trying to induce the Turks to give up the French and make peace with Russia. At twenty-three we find him an eager, strenuous, enthusiastic, and very precocious diplomat, acting on his own initiative in weighty affairs, doing his best to prevent the marriage between the Prince of Wales and Princess Caroline, and hopeful of putting a little force and verve and manhood into the demoralised state of Prussia, then feebly conducting a war by English subsidies. We never find the same tone again. Though his opinions grew and strengthened, and his energy did not cease, his later underthought is always, Vanity, vanity! He was a stickler for English prestige, and outward respect he wrung from the sulkiest and the most alienated foreign monarchs and ministers—till he was sent to that quarter where the Dodger of Europe resides, who has so often, in his sleek, elusive, Oriental way, defeated the plans of mightier nations than his own. Paget had lived in the princeliest style; his country had always had at the foreign courts where he was representative a symbol of its greatness in him. But on his very last mission—to the Dardanelles—he had to live on board a wretched little frigate, which even in stress of weather would not have been allowed shelter in port, never an offer of hospitality having come to him, with a walk on an uninhabited island for an occasional recreation. He was an able, strong-willed man; but, save for a few rascals who cared first for their own interests, and who enjoyed the situation as a game, diplomacy was a poor profession for the time. There was no unity in any nation that set to make a bargain with another. Monarchs and courts and ministers had not made up their minds, and the ambassador had. Very likely he was not enough a son of his time to be successful. Every year brought him a deeper conviction of the cursedness of Buonaparte, who was always to him the Brigand. Napoleon's success never cast a glamour over this sturdy foe, whose soul was consumed with scorn for nations that would not resist him and his claims to the death. The diplomatic history of the time gives one a far more disquieting picture than the most sensational description of the campaigns. That Europe lived through it is a matter for wonderment and hope.

So far as the private, personal letters are concerned, far the most entertaining are those from the Prince of Wales. The first gentleman in Europe was in his youth a most effusively affectionate friend, and to "dearest Arthur" he writes in the most lover-like terms, sending him frequent news of the set of which Paget was a popular member, as that they were "still pretty *bobish*," and that "the dinners at Carlton House never forgot drinking a bumper to Arthur." In an important matter the usual positions of prince and favourite were reversed; for George interested himself tremendously in his friend's love affairs, and was ready to take any pains to bring things to a right conclusion. He had no opinion of Paget's profession, calling him once "one of the sanctioned spies and hidden lamps of Lord Grenville," by way of weaning him back to England and the company of the gay dogs at Carlton House. Paget, indeed, retired from diplomacy very early, homesick for England, and disappointed at the result of his labours. After the stormy years, domesticity and farming and yachting must have been grateful to him. He had had a troublesome experience of foreign life, and no doubt he was quite ready to echo Lord Malmesbury's words of defiant patriotism: "An Englishman who, after a long absence from England, returns to it with feelings and sentiments partial to other countries and adverse to his own, has no *real mind*, is without the powers of discernment and plain easy comparison, and has no title

* "The Paget Papers: Diplomatic and other correspondence of the Right Hon. Sir Arthur Paget, G.C.B., 1794-1807." Arranged and edited by his son, the Right Hon. Sir Augustus B. Paget, G.C.B. With Notes by Mrs. J. R. Green. 24 portraits, 2 volumes. (Heinemann.)

to enjoy the superior moral, political and local advantages to which he is born, but of which he is insensible and unworthy."

WOMEN IN GREEK POETRY.*

The author of these essays "met with his death in Switzerland on July 16th, 1895, in his twenty-sixth year," and they are published by the pious care of an anonymous editor, who considers that "some apology is, perhaps, needed" for thus printing a book which is unhappily incomplete. No such apology is required, for Mr. Benecke's work gives evidence of exceptional powers, and the main proposition which he puts forward is clearly developed and adequately illustrated.

The title which he had himself selected for his work was "Women in Greek Poetry: being an Enquiry into the Origin of the Romantic Element in Literature," and this title fairly describes its character. By "romantic," which he uses for want of a better word, the author wishes to express "the idea that pure love for a woman may justifiably form the chief interest or be a determining factor in a man's life." To us, in an age which is eminently an age of novel-reading, this idea is so familiar that it seems to correspond with a natural and primitive instinct, but Mr. Benecke shows that in the whole of the best period of Greek literature down to the death of Alexander it is practically non-existent. There is plenty said about women, their ways and waywardness, "their power for good and evil (especially the latter)," but about men being "in love" with them in the modern and purer sense there is nothing, or next to nothing. Even in dramatic literature, where love might be expected to form a leading motive, it is exactly the same. "From end to end of the three great tragedians there can hardly a single passage be quoted which so much as suggests the possibility of an unselfish and unsensual attachment between men and women playing at all an important part in the life of either." In Aristophanes women seem only introduced in order to afford an excuse for indecency; throughout the so-called Middle Comedy family life and pure affection are held up to constant ridicule. But after this there is a complete change. During the fourth century a silent revolution was effected. On passing from the Middle to the New Comedy the feeling is, as the writer forcibly puts it, "like the fresh air on coming out of the bar of a public-house." Marriage, which in the earlier comedy is "the one great subject of ridicule," is in the New Comedy and in the healthy literature of all later ages "the hero's one great ambition." In Menander, and in Roman comedy of which he is the model, woman—the woman that can be loved as a wife and mother—steps into her true place as object of, and partner in, the intensest and the purest passions of which humanity is capable.

This brief summary sufficiently indicates that Mr. Benecke has called attention to a very striking phenomenon in literary history, and that his work deserves a place in every scholar's library, but those who consult the actual volume will find that he handles a very delicate subject with excellent judgment, and also possesses an acquaintance with the less-known Greek writers which will put many an older student to the blush. It is true that the book is only a fragment and incomplete. Had the author lived he would probably have laid less stress on his theory that the originator of the "artistic revolution" which he discusses was Antimachus of Colophon, whose lost elegy to his wife Lyde he regards as the starting-point of this great literary and moral change, and he would probably have investigated more systematically the *general* causes which led to an alteration so remarkable. But, in spite of their deficiencies, these essays mark their writer as a student of rare independence and originality. His friends have done well to publish them; for they will not only receive the unavailing and "empty tribute" of critical praise, they will not only be a lasting memorial of their author's power, but they will serve to stimulate other youthful scholars on a like path of earnest and fruitful study. T. E. PAGE.

* "Women in Greek Poetry." By E. F. M. Benecke. A Fragment printed for the use of Scholars. (London: Swan Sonnenschein and Co., 1896.) pp. 256. 6s.

THE REDS OF THE MIDI.*

Here is a historical novel such as we get only once in a very long time, and in a translation so good as to be almost as much a rarity. The author is a very distinguished Provençal—my information, I may as well confess, is derived entirely from the preface—who is at this moment Capoulié, that is, official head of the Félibrige, the society of Provençal men of letters, being second in succession to Mistral. He has written epics, and lyrics, and stories in prose, and conspicuous among these last is this tale of the march of the Marseilles Battalion to Paris.

It is a very remarkable work; it is literature—which not one such story in a thousand contrives to be. But, just because historical romance is fashionable now, I should recommend it with a warning to those who read Mr. Stanley Weyman and his entertaining brothers and imitators in England. It is not a boudoir version of a rough chapter out of a rough and terrible time; it is very real, and very ungenteel. The Marseilles men did not fight in kid gloves, nor, save when they were shouting their songs or their stereotyped cries, did they utter fine sentiments. No one at all in this story is told off to speak words of horror or deprecation, or to adjust the balance so as to be quite fair all round. It is made up of the recollections of a rude, untaught peasant boy that marched with the battalion, who had no theories, but sang the Marsellaise with greater faith than he had ever sung a litany. No philosophy of any kind blurred what he actually saw. His story is a peasant's story, and told to peasants.

There is a good deal to find fault with. The incidents relating to the Marquis d'Ambrun and his family, and Surto, and La Jacarasse, seem like a hallucination; and that the wretches should suffer death by the very guillotine on which the child they had plotted to kill had innocently written her name, is a straining after an artificial effect which is below the level of the rest. But, indeed, the story does not much concern a reader, though the characters do. Little Pascalet, Margan, and Samat with his banner of the Rights of Man and his good-humoured intolerance of anybody who would not applaud and look cheerful at their passage, are not made of printer's ink, but of living flesh and blood, and they make their presence felt. It is the noisiest, the most turbulent book. Plunge into it at almost any page, and you know at once it is men of the Midi you have to do with. All that long, weary trudge to Paris (with momentary intervals of depression) their tongues and their throats are making a deafening din with the Carmagnole or their own hymn. The exuberance of their spirits produces every appearance of disorder; they are chattering, excitable children. The vitality of a northerner would have given out long before in mere waste emotion; but these had enough and to spare. There was method in their madness. They reached Paris, and tired of waiting for the word of attack from the finnicking, timid townsfolk, they gave the word themselves that lost Louis XVI. his crown. Pascalet is a type of them. He is in despair about his extreme youth, and will convince the whole world by his tremendous exertions that he is as good a man as any. He smears his maiden chin with blackberries, insists on being harnessed to the cannon that he may enter Vienne with honour, and, dragging with might and main, is delighted when a girl cries out, "Just look at that young fellow. Goodness, how he frightens me!" He thunders out big oaths with ostentation, and never a single grumble. In the fighting in Paris he is both frightened and plucky; he dances with joy when he finds a joint of his finger shot away, and plays the fool and the man and the child all at once. What military excitement means to an eager boy bred in obscurity will probably never be better described. But, as I have said, the Paris scenes are not for squeamish readers, who will be shocked to find no words of protest from the simple men who, having walked hundreds and hundreds of hungry miles to do a thing, had done it, and had faith they were right, though they found that the advent of Liberty meant unloosing a good many devils from hell.

There is one striking passage in the book unconnected

* "The Reds of the Midi." An Episode of the French Revolution. Translated from the Provençal of Félix Gras. By Catharine A. Janvier. 6s. Heinemann.

with the march from Marseilles. Pascalet became one of Napoleon's men, fought with him in Italy, Egypt, Austria, Russia, everywhere. The Emperor was a demi-god to him, and he never would, even after St. Helena, believe him dead. He had seen him since.

"I had been spading that field to get rid of the couch-grass, and while I was standing resting, I saw a strange man coming toward me with a rake on his shoulder. He walked straight into my field, and when he was within ten paces of me he stopped and said, 'Good and brave soldier of the Empire, show me the way to Cæsar's camp?'

"And as he stood there, plain before me in the sunlight, I knew him—it was the Emperor!

"I was so upset, so dazed, that I did not know which end I was standing on. And all I could say, as I pointed out the way to him, was, 'There—straight ahead.'

"The Emperor turned and left me, crossing from corner to corner of my field. 'And since that day'—Pascal spoke these words very solemnly—'I have never given a single hoe-stroke or spade-stroke where his footsteps passed. You may go up there if you like, and you will find in my field a grassy crosswise path. That path marks the footsteps of the great Napoleon. I tell you he is still alive!'" A. M.

THE POSITIVE PHILOSOPHY OF AUGUSTE COMTE.*

Comte's lectures on the "Philosophie Positive," commenced in 1826, at once interrupted by his insanity and not resumed till after his recovery in 1829, were published by instalments between 1830 and 1842 in six lengthy volumes. Few but enthusiasts have ever read, or will ever read, them, owing to the endless recapitulations resulting from their lecture form, and to the prolix phrasing by which he ever strove to avoid misconstruction. In 1853 Miss Martineau translated and condensed the work to about one fourth its length. Her version was translated back into French, having been already approved and authorised by Comte for use as the revised evangel. This Mr. Harrison regards as "a singular fact in literary history," forgetting that in precisely the same way, and for precisely the same reasons, Bentham's greatest work is read in an English translation of his friend Dumont's French version.

The "Philosophie Positive" is called Comte's preliminary analytic work as opposed to his later synthetic and constructive works. His followers insist on the oneness of the whole; Mill denied it. Both are right. Doubtless from the first a constructive system was forming in the mind of the Sage; on the other hand it has no formal place in the earlier treatise save the few last pages omitted by Miss Martineau and now restored. If we analyse this analysis just for a moment, we shall at once fix its date and also see why it captivated Miss Martineau. We shall at once recognise it as a masterpiece of that respectable but restless Epoch of our middle-class fathers, the epoch of Lord Brougham and the Diffusion of Knowledge, of Mechanics' Institutes, of French *Chartes* and English Charters, of Guides to Science, of Encyclopedias, of "Evenings at Home" and "Schoolmasters Abroad." No wonder Miss Martineau was entranced, for in the spirit of his age Comte resolved to lay his foundations deep and wide by giving a full encyclopedic review of the previous growth and existing state of all the sciences. This he did with a comprehensive grasp and gigantic industry of which he perhaps alone among the moderns was capable. Thus the colossal work (with certain exceptions to be noted presently) was simply an encyclopedia of science, and as such has become hopelessly exploded. Yet with a positive audacity, compared to which all other seems but relative, it is reprinted, this scientific survey over fifty years behind the times, without correction or supplement, or one word of warning to the ignorant. And be sure that among its readers will be many earnest, half-educated enquirers who have been attracted to the Positivist school, and who, taking it all for gospel, will waste their time over many a puzzling problem which has since been solved. The First Book, that on Mathematics, may pass; it is masterly, and can hardly go out of date. The Astronomy, too, needs only supplement. But conceive for a moment the strides made since 1840 in our knowledge of Light, Heat, Sound, of Statics, Dynamics, and Chemistry—more than all of Electricity! And fancy the horny-handed ones plodding—for it is no use saying they will not, for they are sure to—plodding through a course of Biology which takes no count of Darwinismus! Of course Comte's original book should be kept in print for experts, nor should its text be tampered with. But this version, we are told, is the "popular exposition" which "will long remain for ordinary use." The populace, unless their Comtism is to revert to the inspirational or "Theological Stage," want to know, not what Comte thought about the Science of 1835, but what he would have thought of the Science of 1896. And this they could well have inferred from a series of notes pointing out his errors and deficiencies, and still more the many cases in which later discovery has corroborated his views. A few such appear in the first volume, but the total throughout the work is not more than a dozen.

Nor is this all. Mr. Harrison has sanctioned the reprint by an "Introduction." There he remarks that in this version "there are points, and even points of great importance, in which the translator failed to grasp the author's meaning," but that he "has made no attempt to modify or even to indicate them." His excuse is rather odd. "It has been no part of his task to edit Miss Martineau's version, which will long remain for ordinary use, as Comte himself said, the popular form of his great fundamental treatise." Does this mean indifference to error, or contempt of the populace and its editions, or that Mr. Harrison was not asked to undertake the task? If the latter, one fails to see how he came to sanction a version which he stigmatises as erroneous on "points of great importance."

We spoke of certain exceptions or reservations. One is the Sixth Book, which treats of Social Physics, now called Sociology, a science we owe to Comte. Much of it is historical and descriptive matter, interwoven with theory in much the same way as Hegel's Philosophy of History; it is now rather elementary than obsolete, for Comte had so few facts to deal with, and those often dubious, and it has taken many lives of labour to build up the science. But a pioneer work will always be interesting and suggestive. Again, it will be said that even the earlier books are not encyclopedia, but philosophy. Nominally that is true. Most pages do contain a reminder or repetition of the philosophy. But what does it all amount to? Very, very little. There is first the doctrine of the "Three Stages" of progress, laid down on page 2, continually referred to, and finally worked out in the last book. Then there is the doctrine of the true Filiation of the Sciences, which is the main thread of the book. Of course this keeps recurring, but it cannot be denied that under its cover a description of the sciences of sixty years ago is worked in. This was perfectly judicious at the time; at the present day it does no service to Comte or his principles. Those principles, the marrow of the book, could easily have been collected, and his whole argument preserved with a sufficient amount of illustration, in one very small but telling volume. Let us add that the very doctrine of Filiation has been vastly modified and expanded by modern theories of the Unity of Energy and Correlation of Forces.

No reflections are here aimed at Comte's original work—as how should they be by one who adopts much of his philosophy just because it is not philosophy at all, but only self-evident, common sense, long stifled by a conspiracy of the philosophers? But all the same we do not admit that Comte's attempt to classify human knowledge was quite such an unprecedented and startling revolution. The Greeks and the Schoolmen were much addicted to these speculations. But one great thinker, the Comte of the seventeenth century—and we could wish Mr. Harrison had made the parallel—did seriously review and classify the sciences, and what is more, point out the gaps and deficiencies to be filled up. True, he was but groping in the early dawn; Comte lived in the high noon of science. But till it is proved to the contrary, I shall venture to regard the "Philosophie Positive" as the legitimate offspring, the natural successor, the expansion and revision of the "Advancement of Learning."

For Miss Martineau's share in the work we have only respectful praise. Her bright sturdy Preface—so like herself—brings back for a moment the figure of a great Englishwoman, whose fame, though just now it seems to languish, is certain to revive and endure. Y. Y.

* "The Positive Philosophy of Auguste Comte." Freely translated and condensed by Harriet Martineau. With an Introduction by Frederic Harrison. In 3 vols. (Bell and Sons.)

UHLAND.*

This American edition of Uhland's poems in the original German is not only a very careful piece of work itself, but it brings evidence of a surprising amount of labour spent on one of the very clearest and simplest of poets. That he had been often set to music, that, even in England, his ballads were known by heart, we knew, but the amount of bibliographical matter which students have collected round his work is astonishing. Two circumstances, of course, partly explain why the man and his writing have interested so many, and set them writing his biography, or groping for the origin of his material. He was a politician during a troubled period of German history, and so sturdy and honest a politician withal that it is difficult to echo Goethe's lament. Politics needed the fire of idealism just then, and he lit it for his fellow Würtembergers. And he was one of the earlier hunters of folk-lore, one of the greatest popularisers of mediæval romance. As patriot with his conscience awake to the needs of his own day, and artist with his soul craving for the coloured life of the days of chivalry, he is doubly interesting—something of an anomaly too, for fervid romanticist as he was, his life was sober, ordered, and respectable. Perhaps his simplicity accounts somewhat for the numerous translations made from him into English; no other German poet has been so honoured. Two generations have gone by since his poetical career ended, and each has had its singers, who may be more in harmony with our way of thinking than Uhland. But they are untranslated, unread by us, while there is not a student in these islands but has enough German to sing "Ich hatt' einen Kameraden" and "Es zogen drei Bursche wohl über den Rhein," and to many of us "Das Schloss am Meer" gave the earliest thrill of romance. Uhland had the happy gift of making songs that could be sung. A man of great cultivation, he has attained to the wide fame of a folk poet.

This English edition has no serious rival. It might have been more nearly complete, though very few poems of merit have been missed out. "Als ich einst bei Salamanka" and "Der Kastilisiche Ritter" are old favourites, but perhaps sentiment, not literary appreciation, craves for them; so we must own that the selection is both liberal and good. The notes, historical and philological, are never trivial, and all that a reader can want to know on biographical and bibliographical matters, or as to the translations, or the composers who have set Uhland to music, has been gathered with zeal and accuracy by Professor Hewett.

"THE SALTONSTALL GAZETTE."†

Mr. Peter Saltonstall being quite untrammelled by any newspaper conventions later than those of the *Tatler*, conducts his "Gazette" very much on the lines on which Bethia Hardacre kept her Day-book. It is as much a receptacle for the odds and ends of the contributors' reading as a vehicle for the expression of their own thought. Miss Bethia made her book an intimate companion, with whom she could be merry and sad just as the humour took her; to whom she could confide her verse, and satirise her family; with whom she shared her love of old books and old gardens. So Mr. Saltonstall lets his family and others satirise themselves in naïf correspondence, pour out their humours, dwell on their hobbies, and he ungrudgingly finds a corner for the shy effusions of their muse, only too glad indeed that they should fill the awful white space which at times is so terrifying to the amateur editor. The effect of both books is much the same, save that Peter is so good natured, and perhaps so indolent, that he will not "cut"—hardly, indeed, omit. He gives us far too much. The "Gazette" is therefore only to be picked from. But if, while travelling through the pages, we come across much that is very heavy, and some things that have lost their humorous savour on their emergence from the family circle, the pickings that can be made are excellent. We have some welcome glimpses of old friends, too, of Bethia herself, and of the inimitable Clara St. Quentin, from whom an unhappy fate has barred the wide celebrity of fiction.

The earlier book must have won much gratitude from lovers of flowers, of gardens, and of their lore. The present one is not behind it in this "pleasant knowledge," and for the sweet-smelling perfumes of old times there are full and fascinating directions. Alas, that on examination they seem to want more leisure than ladies now possess! Among the contributions the unconsciously comic perhaps prevails, but there is room for a good many samples of wisdom of the kind Bethia found among the quiet of her garden, of the shrewdness first begot by goodnaturedly watching the idiosyncrasies of her own family; while some are pathetic after the fashion of this letter. It is signed "Olivia," and runs: "Sir,—We all need a *modus vivendi*. The following is the one which serves to make the troubles of my life (that are many) not wholly intolerable. There is someone, sir, for whom I have a much greater liking than I have for myself. I am for ever petitioning the powers to afflict me with his misfortunes as well as my own. So, sir, when I am very miserable I think, perhaps, it is an answer to prayer, and would not have it otherwise."

But it is the verse, wrought with much art, artificial, if you will, much of it, very subdued in tone, answering no clamours of the day, but responsive to very lasting desires and quiet hopes, that gives the book its best distinction. Some of the scattered poems may easily be lost to many who handle this too bulky and pathless volume. But if we write down one of the lyrics here, it may convince readers that it is well worth their while to search for others.

"All ends in song—love, and the old, old story
Of souls long chastened by untoward fate;
All ends in song—fame, and the hero's glory,
The pomp of kings, the pageants of the state;
All ends in song—love, honour, bliss, and woe,
The glad heart's thrill, the sad heart's bitter throe.

All ends in song—the doing and undoing,
The taken fortress and the lost campaign;
The patient waiting, and the hot pursuing,
The pride of life, the peril and the pain;
All ends in song—love, honour, bliss, and woe,
The glad heart's thrill, the sad heart's bitter throe."

There is a ring of Shirley about that.

"To One Whose Love Lies Dying," and "Le Deuil Blanc" will reward a search, and in the intervening pages a susceptible reader must often linger over something ingenious and sympathetic.

THE GREAT DIDACTIC OF COMENIUS.*

Mr. Keatinge's work deserves a hearty welcome. It fills a gap in the literature and history of education, and exhibits the requisite insight as well as commendable industry. He has not only "now for the first time Englished" an educational classic, but he has furnished two introductions, a biographical and an historical, which contain 150 pages of relevant information, and enable the reader to form a truer estimate of the place and value of Comenius. "The Great Didactic" was originally written in Czech, but a Latin translation was published in 1657, and of this Latin edition Mr. Keatinge's is "a close paraphrase," written with accuracy and spirit. The introductions are based upon the best authorities, and upon some original research. Altogether, Mr. Keatinge's volume embalms a standard work in a worthy and acceptable form.

Born in 1592, Comenius fell heir to the germinant educational suggestions of Rabelais, Montaigne, Erasmus, Colet, and others, but he probably owed more to his contemporaries than to his predecessors. At the University of Herborn in Nassau he came under the influence of "Sedulity" Alsted, and laid the foundations of his educational method. But his investigations and proposals brought him into connection with the leading teachers of his day, with Lubin, Bodinus, and Frey, and especially with Ratke and Andreae. His life was a long struggle. He shared the fortunes of the persecuted Moravian Church,

* "Poems of Uhland." Selected and Edited by Waterman T. Hewett. (Macmillan.)

† "The Saltonstall Gazette, conducted by Peter Saltonstall, Esq., and Written by Various Hands." By Ella Fuller Maitland. (Chapman and Hall.)

* "The Great Didactic of John Amos Comenius, now for the first time Englished, with introductions, biographical and historical, by M. W. Keatinge, B.A." (Adam and Charles Black.)

to which he had belonged from his birth, and of which at last he became the Bishop. Sometimes acting as pastor, sometimes as schoolmaster, sometimes as both, he found shelter in Poland, England, Sweden and Holland, incessantly pursuing his educational ideas, and issuing grammars, concordances, histories, sermons, to the number of 127 separate publications, the last dated in 1669, the year before his death.

In regard to education, Comenius found himself called to a threefold task, to furnish suitable text-books for schools, to group all knowledge so that it might be apprehended in one system, and to exhibit the principles of education. Necessarily his work in the first two departments could only be for his own generation. But some idea of the value of his method may be gathered from the fact that his "Janua Linguarum" was translated into twelve European languages, and even into Arabic, Turkish, Persian, and Mongolian. And although his "Pansophia," or encyclopædia of all knowledge, could not be expected to exhibit profound scientific attainment, yet it was of importance from the educational point of view, because it proved that for Comenius language was not an end in itself, but a means of attaining wider knowledge of men and things. As he said, "Verba sine rebus, putamina sunt sine nucleo, vagina sine gladio, umbra sine corpore, corpus sine anima," words which deserve to be printed in letters of gold in every schoolroom devoted to the learning of language. It is, however, his "Didactica Magna" which numbers him among the immortals; for the principles of education are the same from age to age. It was written while the author was teaching in the Gymnasium at Lissa, and was probably finished in 1632, although it remained in manuscript in its original Czech until 1849, when it was printed at Prague. The great merit of Comenius as an educational reformer was his explicit embodiment in this treatise of the two fundamental principles, that all instruction must be carefully graded, and that in imparting knowledge to children the teacher must appeal to sense-perception. "Visualisation in all things is the watchword of the Comenian method." The manner in which these principles are explained and illustrated from the methods found in nature is extremely instructive, and no one, whether teacher or layman, can read the Great Didactic without gaining a clearer perception of the reasonableness of a true method and a firmer hold on the great principles which must govern education in every age. It is to be hoped that Mr. Keatinge's book will be widely read, and whether widely read or not by the non-professional, its author may enjoy the satisfaction of having hewn and fitted a solid stone in the temple of learning. [On p. 50 a spelling occurs which Mr. Keatinge would scarcely pardon in one of his pupils.]

MARCUS DODS.

NOVEL NOTES.

A GENTLEMAN VAGABOND and Some Others. By F. Hopkinson Smith. 1s. (Macmillan.)

The title-tory is the prince of the collection, but the least noteworthy of the others is good company for a holiday hour, which, we take it, is the purpose of each. Indeed, there is a specially holiday air about the whole, as stimulating as the maps and guide-books in Pall Mall windows in the dog-days. With the turning of the pages we are whisked over half Europe, Normandy, Brittany, France, and Switzerland, not to speak of the starting-place, U.S.A., with a promise of adventure, both tragic and comic, in casinos, lodging-houses, and hotels. But Major Tom Slocomb's story must not be lumped with the others, nor his character merely looked on as an agreeable variety. He is not only delightful company, with his magnificent and generous and perfectly harmless lies, his great imagination, and his dignity amid sordid circumstances; but he is so excellently expressed, as well as conceived, that Mr. Hopkinson Smith has incurred a heavy responsibility in making him. We shall grumble henceforth at anything but first-rate work from his hands.

A KENTUCKY COLONEL. By Opie Read. 2s. 6d. (Black.)

We recommend this story in perfect confidence to all who love, even to those who are merely tolerant of, the cranks and the crudities and the weaknesses of human nature. There are only two or three really whole and sane men and women in this fairly populous book, but they have the strongest influence over us, giving as they do an example of gentle and humorous charity towards all the foolish, feckless, feeble rest. There is a story running through the book, but we don't think it of very much account; it is passably good, but our attention is constantly directed to something far better, to the revelations of character, to the daily conversations and way of life in that glorious Liberty Hall, that topsy-turvy, good-natured centre of humour and affection, the Osbury farm, in Shellcut County, Kentucky. The Colonel, with his endless generosity and his harmless weaknesses, captures us from the first, though his imbecile son Fred, with his tragically innocent susceptibility to feminine influence, runs him hard. When these two are in the way, we find the pleasant and philosophical Henry to be really commonplace and undistinguished. But the company they keep in Shellcut County is delightful, at least with Henry and the writer of the book there to make them show themselves at their best, and gentle Mrs. Osbury to stop our laughing well on this side of cruelty. Uncle Buck dodging the sun all round the house, tootling on his flute the while; Miss Annie Bumpus patronising literature on the strength of her great melodramatic success, "The Whispering Baron"; the ingeniously, incorrigibly idle Gap, and Captain Joe Jinny and Major Eli Hammonds, with their endless unsatisfied ideals after the good things of this material life—we shall not forget them; they are all foolish and food for scorn, but we think with Mr. Opie Read that the wise part is not to scorn, but to enjoy.

JAMES, or Virtue Rewarded. By the Author of "Muggleton College." 6s. (A. Constable.)

James "harks back" to an early kind of fiction. Over and over again we hear in it an echo of the eighteenth century novelists, in their less distinguished, indeed, their very homely moods. It is a rather sordid story, and the dry, cynical style fits it excellently. The writer never allows himself to write in either a dignified or a beautiful fashion; but he reaches his end all the same, and presents us with personages, commonplace, vulgar, uninteresting—in the common use of the word in romantic mouths—but lifelike, and, indeed, alive. James is the industrious apprentice boy drawn, we fear, to his logical conclusion. The doctrine of getting on in the world is perfectly understood by him. Of industry and respectable self-seeking in its various forms he is a model. Doddersfield seems mainly peopled by fools, and James understanding this, uses them, and prospers exceedingly, till the time comes when he can allow himself a little pleasure outside the bounds of respectability. This pleasure tasting sweet, he demands more and more, till Doddersfield is no longer safe for him, and he departs with a good deal of other folks' money and in agreeable company. A few vicissitudes naturally follow on this adventurous part of his career, but his natural ability and self-confidence are enough to conquer these, and we leave the ruiner of homes, the deserter of his wife and children, affluent and respected in the State of Illinois. His biography is drawn in a masterly way, no passage in it more convincingly than the one descriptive of his religious convictions and his success as a preacher. The other characters are only less lifelike than James. You could count on a very few fingers those that are not fools or knaves or boors. The Doddersfield elect are omitted, as indeed all that would have redounded to the honour of the place. Movements and sentiments that we find have an elevating influence elsewhere, somehow seem ludicrous or corrupt there, under the observation of the writer's cold, cynical gaze. The book offers amusement without enjoyment; it is clever, original, and a little repellent.

ONE OF GOD'S DILEMMAS. By Allen Upward. 2s. 6d. net. (Heinemann.)

The insuperable difficulty in the way of uncongenial husbands and wives living comfortably apart when they are fathers and mothers as well, has never received a better exposition in fiction. Sebastian Bere and his wife separate before their son's birth; still the difficulty arises all the same, for Sebastian comes back with strong desires to help his wife pecuniarily, and with a craving for his boy's affections.

He has been in the wrong; but he is far from being all bad, and he wanders through the book exciting our pity, and having our best, but quite hopeless, wishes for some amicable arrangement. The lad of fourteen who suddenly finds he has a father, and is attracted to him by his generosity, his stories of adventures in wild lands, and is made to feel a traitor to his devoted mother thereby, is the dilemma, of course. There is no possible *modus vivendi* between the rough, generous, obstinate, free-thinking man and his refined, self-righteous wife. Both clamour for the boy, who looks as if he were to be endlessly shuttle-cocked from one to the other. Mr. Upward ends his misery at last by inventing an accident, for which both father and mother might blame each other; and the ending, dreary as it is, comes as a relief. The whole story is well managed. Agnes Bere does not ingratiate herself with readers, but a brief for her is held in good faith, though her husband's past is not made to damn him everlastingly. You cannot say he always plays fair, with his big bribes for the affection of a poor boy who does not love poverty; but, at least, his heart urges the corruption. One follows the struggle of the two elder people with a respectful pity. The triumph of the book is, however, the boy. He is a commonplace lad of quick parts and great fascination of manner—there are many such, but luckily few in such a position—at fourteen, witness and victim of an ugly quarrel; still a child, and wishing to continue his irresponsible life, yet with a tragedy thrust upon him and forced to play a part. We can only say that Mr. Upward presents in a masterly fashion this plausible, pleasure-loving, amiable, affectionate, graceful lad, not very heroic, but struggling to do right, even while rebelling against life for cheating him of his childhood.

THE WARDLAWS. By E. Rentoul Esler. (Smith, Elder.)

There are two novels here, but the connection between them is more vital than at first it may seem. In the earlier portion we have the pathetic story of the decay of an old Irish family, after generations of extravagance. In the later, the fortunes of the family are, in England, for a time retrieved by a son of the race, whose purposes are, however, defeated, and his life made a burden, by the old extravagance of the stock coming out in his own sons. John Wardlaw, seeing his business ruining innocent outsiders, and his sons growing every day more dependent and unmanly, takes the one way out of the evil which he can think of. It is a pitiful tragedy, but some light comes from it; for his youngest son and his daughter are made of good stuff, and the partner who had tempted the dead man into a dangerous line of business turns to an honester way of living than speculation, and has his reward—a reward, by the way, that astonishes us. In the first portion had been told the story of Margery Wardlaw, John's half-sister, who, while her brother was growing up, kept shop in the place where the family had been lords of the soil, leading a gray, struggling life, lit only once, and feebly, by a friendship which stopped short of what it might have been, for no very good reason. Her brother's fashionable household, when he became prosperous, was not a congenial atmosphere to her, but, grown into an old woman, she and her beautiful niece, who has meanwhile gone through much tribulation, draw near together. Mrs. Esler has introduced us to some excellent characters in "The Wardlaws." The priest, the parson, the villagers, the faithful domestics in the Wardlands community, and especially the last and very decayed lord of the manor himself—he preferred to die of hopelessness rather than be sub-agent to a very kind employer whose ancestor had been a royal groom to George I.—are characters, severally, so amusing, and pathetic, and inspiring that, while admiring the power of the latter part of Mrs. Esler's story, our affections go out with special fervour to the Irish scenes.

TOM GROGAN. By F. Hopkinson Smith. Illustrated by C. S. Reinhart. 6s. (Macmillan.)

Tom Grogan was a heroic and capable stevedore and a devoted mother to the bargain. The answer to this puzzle lies in a story as amusing, good-natured, and pathetic as any reader of simple wholesome tastes need wish for. Tom is American-Irish of the best kind, quick of tongue, an excellent fighter, made of grit which she somehow turns into down when her household is in need of comforting. Her exceptional position breeds envy, and envy brings wicked plotting, and all Tom's grit and patience and fighting-power are needed in a struggle against odds. But her cheery honesty, her quick wit, have made her friends that come to her aid at the right time, and we are not left lamenting for her ruin. The last page sees her taking new domestic responsibilities on her shoulders and enlisting new men in her gang.

ALAN SCOTT'S TALISMAN and other Stories. By Charles Aitken. (Hodge.)

These look like the first attempts of a writer of fiction, and they are wise attempts. Mr. Aitken has not lost himself in words, nor invented out of the way plots, nor conceived complicated characters. His material is of the very simplest, his methods elementary. But he has feeling and sympathy and a love for the humble life of Galloway peasants, and this, with his quite unusual absence of affectation and misplaced ambition, produces a very pleasing effect. It is not at all improbable that the simplicity which is at present his marked quality may develop into an excellent literary style.

THE DREAM-CHARLOTTE. By M. Betham-Edwards. (Black.)

The French Revolution is losing its romance under the prying gaze of inquiring historians and speculative politicians, who say it really amounted to very little, or that it was far wrong, and that it was not bliss in that hour to be alive at all. But it has not lost its romance for Miss Betham-Edwards. In "A Romance of Dijon" she hails the dawn of political liberty, and especially of religious liberty as exhibited in a tolerance of Protestantism, with fine, hearty enthusiasm, not with mere vague rhetoric, but with chapter and verse, and with pictures out of the time before the Bastille fell and the serf was still a reality. The Dijon story was the better novel; but there is a particularly attractive idea at the bottom of this one, and the account of how liberty came to dwellers in remote country places turns over new pages of history for us. Two girls, a rich bourgeoise and her peasant foster-sister, leave the convent at Caen together, and hardly see each other again. But Airelle bears away great love and reverence for her clever, stimulating, great-souled friend, Charlotte, who is a Dream-Charlotte to her ever after, and whose influence on her opinions and modes of thought, never weakens. The peasant is a missionary in her far-away home in Le Rosel in the Bessin, speaking for liberty and tolerance, defending the new lights, always with gentle discretion, feeling all the while she is humbly imitating her friend. That friend we hardly see save through the mind of her little peasant school-mate, till suddenly we meet her on her way to Paris to avenge the wrongs of France by the death of Marat. It is a very clever and a very sympathetic way of introducing Charlotte Corday to us that Miss Betham-Edwards has chosen; and the story, with all its painful scenes, its records of hopes dashed and broken, remains beautiful by reason of the idea on which it is raised. But though it has a love interest and all the other things that an orthodox novel demands, strictly speaking it is not a novel at all, but a good story, made by a very fresh, untired mind, a trifle too instructive—with youth, indeed, in its seriousness as well as in the quality of its enthusiasm.

THE TOUCH OF SORROW. By Edith Hamlet. (Dent.)

The heroine, Stella, is a very winning and a very naughty little personage. She knew her gifts and graces very well, and when life showed its treasures to her she felt she deserved them all. When life showed its terrors, she turned fiercely and refused to submit. So one good friend finds her wanting in an hour of sorrow, and another, who had been the guardian of her youth, cries for her in her dying hour, and gets no answer, because Stella is at a grand ball. It seems as if she were well on the way to be a hard, selfish worldling. But Miss Hamlet thinks otherwise—invents a grief for her which she has to face, and melts thereby her rebellious little heart. The book is charmingly written, and the various characters are cleverly suggested.

LORD EDWARD FITZGERALD. By M. McD. Bodkin, Q.C. Illustrated. (Chapman and Hall.)

In his dedication to Mr. Gladstone, Mr. Bodkin reminds us that Byron thought the noble Geraldine "would make the finest subject in the world for an historical novel." Yes, the subject is all right. And so to a large extent is the treatment. Lord Edward's adventures in the America

War and among the Indians are apt to be forgotten, and only his picturesque appearances in Irish politics remembered. We cannot spare any of the romance of real life, and so are grateful for the reminder of the early incidents here. Then Mr. Bodkin's tone is admirable, gentle in gentle scenes, and becomingly appreciative of the vigour in rougher ones. In truth it is one of the hardest books not to speak altogether well of. But, with the liveliest of themes, it is not lively. Parts are so good, and yet, with the deepest interest in the subject, we have found difficulty in reading it to the end. It is either Mr. Bodkin's present skill or his method that is at fault, not, we are sure, his ability. The story proceeds in patches—first a bit of America; then a door closes, and we get no more of it; then a little love-making; another door closes; and so on, and so on. There is no cohesion, and the different parts do not fit into or need each other. We should not find fault with the fact that the story of Maurice Blake takes up a good deal of room. The story is romantic, and its culmination in the law-suit, in which Curran took a leading part, winning his case with what may be called either ingenuity or trickiness, naturally attracted a lawyer novelist. But after the promise of the title we do feel disappointment that Blake should monopolise the main space at Mr. Bodkin's disposal, letting Fitzgerald dwindle into a shadow before the end. Let no one think of the book, however, as a mere failure. It is a sympathetic and a well-written, as distinguished from a well-planned story, and if the great historical romance about Lord Edward is not yet achieved, the material for it has at least been agreeably displayed. Even Mr. Linsdell's boyish pictures are pleasing enough when they contain only single figures, though they tend to increase the amateurish impression produced by the book.

HER POINT OF VIEW. By G. M. Robins. (Hurst and Blackett)

There is a great deal of genius stalking about this book. The hero is a distinguished novelist; so is the villain. The heroine plays the violin divinely. The villain, Gerald Mallinger, had fallen in love with her in the country, but he was ambitious, and she was no great match, so he engages himself to a title. Saying the world is all vanity, Stella pays a visit to town, and has the chance of proving herself a social and an artistic success, and winning the devotion of a far greater novelist than Mallinger. The love of this worthless man thereupon revives, drives him mad, and after enticing her on false pretences to his chambers, where "the leering Beardsleyism of the 'Yellow Book' jostled the mediævalism of an ivory inlaid bureau," and where "a guinea's worth of hothouse flowers were heaped with a studied carelessness into a Satsuma bowl that rested upon the latest poet's latest study in erotics," he tries to force her affections to revive, too. But the still more distinguished novelist, a very handy man, comes to the rescue, and leaves his brother craftsman to suicide. Then Stella says to the hero she will be "the cricket on his lyre," and so everything ends satisfactorily. It is not a commonplace book, but these second-rate novels, full of the talk and the circumstance of culture, are wearisome, and this one suffers from being one of a class that has lost its freshness.

THE BOOKMAN'S TABLE.

ST. AUGUSTINE AT OSTIA. Oxford Sacred Poem. By H. C. Beeching. (Lane.)

"It came to pass that she [Monnica] and I stood alone, leaning in a certain window, which looked into the garden of a certain house where we now lay at Ostia; where removed from the din of men we were now recruiting from the fatigues of a long journey, for the voyage. We were discoursing then together, alone, and enquiring between ourselves in the presence of the Truth, which Thou art, of what sort the eternal life of the saints was to be." On this passage of the "Confessions" Mr. Beeching has founded his poem. The verse is refined and polished, as Mr. Beeching's verse is wont to be, and the emotion is rather warmer than usual. We have never before felt anything nearer poetical inspiration than a sincere love of good poetry and a highly cultivated taste in his verse; but these dignified stanzas on worthy themes ring out a deeper and a more spontaneous sound. Augustine with his mother is going over again his life, from the youthful time when he despised her counsels, through the period of intellectual pride, till the moment when he heard a voice importunate and shrill chant, "'Take and read' and ever 'take and read.'" Then came his conversion and his lasting peace.

"What now remains? Heaven stoops to-night so near,
Ev'n now it seems the starry gates must turn
Upon their hinges, and the King appear
To judge the quaking world, and bid it burn;
Or (dare I hope) to pluck one soul on high
Before its dew of baptism be dry."

Recollections of his masters and his friends all come up to him in the quiet of the garden at Ostia, and the vision of the City of God fills him with longing to see its image on the earth. The poem is Mr. Beeching's high-water mark; and in this austere religious verse we may expect far better things than softer themes have suggested to him.

A CATHEDRAL PILGRIMAGE. By Julia C. R. Dorr. (Macmillan.)

Miss Dorr has had in special mind those cathedral lovers to whom destiny has forbidden "the delight of personal knowledge and intimacy." Her book is all the better because she is an American, for Americans are not merely the most indefatigable, but the most intelligent and well-informed seers of our sights; and as to their enthusiasm, that hardly needs mention. It is not a guide-book, but a series of tales about the impressions and recollections of herself and a sympathetic companion in Canterbury and Wells and Exeter and Lincoln, and so on. And it has no pretence at completeness. At York there were too many people about, owing to a local fair, and so, save for getting locked up in the chapter-house, they saw little of the Minster; and Miss Dorr will not tell a lie and describe what she has not seen. Her enthusiasm is affecting, her manner of writing very pleasant, and many pilgrims will be attracted to the old shrines by her words and pictures. The publishers have given the book a very pretty shape and size.

THE BALLADISTS. By John Geddie. Famous Scots. 1s. 6d. (Oliphant.)

In this admirable book on the mostly anonymous writers who enriched Scottish literature by their wonderful ballads, Mr. Geddie has given us the results rather than the processes of scholarship. By means of Professor Child's work, or by working on his lines, one may laboriously come at some more or less accurate idea respecting the dates at which the different variants were composed, significant and by no means dryasdust facts, even though the secret of the authorship be lost beyond hope. But samples of the evidence by which it has been attempted to fix date and locality would take space which Mr. Geddie has made up his mind to fill differently. He writes for those who love romance and heroic poetry, but who have not learnt how various in colour and how large is the circle of these in Scottish ballads. He classifies, he gives a few general facts concerning the outcome of scholars' researches, a great many specimens of the most vigorous, or the sweetest, or the quaintest ballads, with much eloquent writing on their beauties and wonders. He has written a pleasant book, and we hope it may be a persuasive one. Such honest and intelligent enthusiasm as his, even on what are called familiar subjects, is never superfluous. Poetry is an old and proven ware, yet it needs criers every day in the streets.

KILLBOYLAN BANK; or, Every Man his own Banker. By E. M. Lynch. (K. Paul.)

"How Killboylan characters concerned themselves about Co-operative Credit" Mrs. Lynch has set out to tell in a tale. We hope she may find her method effectual in calling wide attention to the experiment she is interested in. The "characters"—these being the priest, schoolmaster, and chief persons in an Irish village—are very amusing, and we read of their wit, and their blunders, and their views on banking more willingly than we do a pamphlet. On the other hand, their amusing interruptions make it more difficult to grasp the details of the scheme; a pamphlet would be more easily mastered. Besides, whether she be right artistically or not, Mrs. Lynch has unnecessarily increased our obstacles by placing the exposition of the system in the mouth of a man who has lived so long in Italy as to think most naturally in the tongue of that country, and to think aloud in it very often. Father Callaghan,

with his humours and mannerisms and generous spirit, is made a very real person; so are the others. In this respect the book is a great advance on "A Village Providence," written on the same plan. But perhaps the fact that the persons concerned in the scheme were such "characters," had such keen intelligence, and were of so genial and confiding a nature, may make some cold-blooded sceptics shake their heads over the success recorded. *They* could not find such material, they may grumble. We suggest a supplement in the shape of a short plain statement of the plan of the experiment that could be issued in a cheap form, and widely circulated. The scheme is no mere experiment in Germany and Italy now. M. Rayneri, of the Banque Populaire, Mentone, has put it to the proof and written largely on the subject. Many peasants in Lombardy and Venetia have been enabled to get a good start in the world, or to recover from desperate straits by these village banks, which are managed by themselves, are of a very open character as regards both lending and borrowing, and which have always tended to rouse self-respect, and encourage thrifty habits. There are about a hundred of them in Italy, and ten times as many in Germany. Mrs. Lynch is specially eager that Ireland should benefit, but rural England is another possible field for their usefulness.

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE. By James Dykes Campbell. New Edition. With a Memoir of the Author by Leslie Stephen. (Macmillan.)

Mr. Dykes Campbell's admirable life of Coleridge, the most complete and accurate account of both the man and the poet that has yet been written, and which not even the forthcoming life by Mr. Ernest Hartley Coleridge can supersede, was reviewed at length in our columns on its first appearance. The publishers have issued it again with a very sympathetic and appreciative memoir of the author by Mr. Leslie Stephen. Mr. Campbell was an indefatigable searcher in the literary fields that attracted his interest. He was insatiable for information even of the minutest kind, and acquired an unusual skill in sifting facts and evidence as the result of inexhaustible patience. Yet he retained his enthusiasm for the larger facts of literature, and for the personalities of the great writers he studied, and in this his most important piece of work, the dry, arduous labour that led up to it is nowhere thrust on one's attention. To Mr. Campbell's fervent, genial nature, to his generous appreciation of his friends, and the ungrudging help he gave them where his copious knowledge could be of service, Mr. Stephen does full justice.

THE HUSBAND OF POVERTY. By Henry Neville Maugham. (Steck.)

This drama of the life of St. Francis of Assisi is roughly framed, irregular in metre, almost chaotic in construction, and with hardly a phrase that one can carry away in the memory for love of it—save perhaps this stanza the saint sings to the children—

"There was a Knight of Bethlehem,
Whose wealth was tears and sorrows;
His men-at-arms were little lambs,
His trumpeters were sparrows;
His castle was a wooden cross,
Whereon he hung so high;
His helmet was a crown of thorns
Whose crest did touch the sky."

But, with all its imperfections, the poem is dramatic, and the character of the central figure conceived with a bold truth that is very effective. Francis is no smooth enamel saint, but a highly eccentric, unconventional, wayward, most loving and lovable man. By an unusual route Mr. Maugham has achieved success.

MONOMOTAPA (Rhodesia). Its Monuments and its History from the most Ancient Times to the Present Century. By the Hon. A. Wilmot. 6s. (Unwin.)

After raiding and conquest—for spoils, or for the "fun of the thing"—comes, among other more or less worthy consequences, research. However restless we may be in South Africa, we have had time to be curious about the history of the new lands that are coming under our influence, and the history is often surprising. Mr. Bent, in his "Ruined Cities of Mashonaland," taught us to believe with something like certainty that the Zimbabwe ruins were the remains of a Phœnician colony. Other scholars have been on this track, and Mr. Wilmot summarises the results of the latest research on the subject. But the portion of the book which he has dealt with most skilfully is the account of Portuguese influence. Mr. Rhodes commissioned him to search in the libraries of Europe, and his ransacking in the Vatican and in Lisbon has had interesting results. The story alone of the Kafir Mission begun by Father Silveira, and carried on with such noble zeal till his martyrdom, is worth buying the book for. His after-death legend is one of the most beautiful in the annals of Christendom. The martyr was thrown into the river, but his corpse was preserved, and the wild beasts paraded the shore lest the sacred body should be violated, birds watching in turn on the trunk of a tree. The whole story of this old land into which civilisation has several times made inroads, where it has settled and planted and fashioned, and over which barbarian hordes have each time passed their rough destructive touch, is curiously interesting. But probably no desponding inference will stay the hand of the vigorous, confident Anglo-Saxon.

THE POETS AND THE POETRY OF THE CENTURY. William Morris to Robert Buchanan. Edited by A. H. Miles. Second Edition. (Hutchinson.)

There are considerable changes in this new edition, both in the selections, and in a few of the biographies, alterations in the latter being necessitated by the deaths of Mr. J. A. Symonds, the Hon. Roden Noel, and Lord de Tabley. The revision of the selections from Mr. Swinburne, Mr. Theodore Watts, and Lord de Tabley is fully justified; and, indeed, the specimens from Victorian poetry within the period specified must be acknowledged to be very satisfactory. Not only are Mr. Morris, Mr. Swinburne, Dr. Garnett, Mr. Dobson, and the better-known singers very fairly represented, but poets like Thomas Ashe, who never gained the place their worth merited, have one more chance of widening the little circle of their admirers. Ashe's "Apologia" and his poems to children are too exquisite for his dim fame, and Mr. Watts' and Lord de Tabley's work is far too little known, even cultivated readers being too often satisfied to know their names. The weak part of the book is the criticism, with some notable exceptions, among which should be named Mr. Buxton Forman's acount of Mr. Morris.

THE NEW BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

THEOLOGY AND PHILOSOPHY.

BESANT, A.—The Path of Discipleship. Four lectures. 2/- Theosophical Pub. Society.
BEYSCHLAG, Dr. W.—New Testament Theology, 2 vols., 18/- T. & T. Clark
Collatio Codicis Lewisiani rescripti Evangelorum Sacrorum Syriacorum, auctore Alberto Bonus, 4/6 ....Clarendon Press
Foreign Missions, Objections to .....Stock
[*The writer considers the usual objections to missions, as that missionaries live too comfortably, that they do not produce results adequate to the money spent on them, that "charity begins at home," and some others, and answers these in a way very favourable on the whole to the working and success of missionary enterprise.*]
Modern Reader's Bible; Deuteronomy, edited with Introduction by R. G. Moulton, 2/6 .....Macmillan
PARFAIT, PAUL.—The Arsenal of Devotion, 3/6 .....Simpkin
PEPLOE, Rev. H. W. W.—The Life of Privilege, Possession, Peace, and Power, 3/6.....Nisbet
Precious Thoughts from Keble, 2/6.....Marcus Ward
Pulpit Commentary: Psalms, Exposition by Rev. G. Rawlinson, 3 vols., 10/6 each .....Paul
Revival Sermons in Outline, by Eminent Pastors and Evangelists, ed. by Rev. G. Perrin, 3/6 .....Allenson
RICE, E. A.—The People's Dictionary of the Bible, 6/-.....Simpkin
SINNETT, A. P.—The Growth of the Soul. A Sequel to Esoteric Buddhism, 5/-.....Theo. Pub. Society
STRONG, T. B.—Christian Ethics, 15/- (Bampton Lectures, 1895) Longmans
SWEETMAN, W.—The Reign of Perfection. Lectures on a Liberal Catholic Philosophy, 3/6.....Digby & Long
TYNDALL, Rev. C. H.—Object Sermons in Outline, 3/6 ....Allenson
Vivekananda's (The Sudami) Yoga Philosophy, 3/6 .....Longmans
VOYSEY, Rev. C.—The Testimony of the Four Gospels concerning Jesus Christ, 3/6.....Williams & Norgate
ZAHM, Rev. J. A.—Evolution and Dogma, 7/6

FICTION.

AIKEN, C.—Alan Scott's Talisman .....Hodge
[*See p.* 175]
ARMSTRONG, A. J.—The Cobbler of Kirkiebrae, a Romance of Galloway, 5/-.....Simpkin
BUTLER, R.—In the Power of Two (The Spider and the Fly), 3/6 Simpkin
CARMICHAEL, M.—Sketches and Stories, Grave and Gay, 3/6 Constable

CHAFFEY, M. E.—The Youngsters of Murray House, illus., 3/6 Ward, Lock

[*A healthy and amusing story for young ones about boys and girls whom they will find very much like themselves, except for their living in Australia, which makes their games and adventures a little varied.*]

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COOPER, E. H.—The Enemies, 6/- .....Constable
DIEHL, A. M.—A Modern Helen, 2 vols., 12/- .....Hurst
DONOVAN.—The Kaffir Circus, and Other Stories, 1/6 .....Jarrold

[*Three commonplace short stories, but as the scene of all is South Africa, they are ensured a large number of readers for the moment.*]

FORREST, R. E.—The Bond of Blood, 1/- .....Unwin

[*The subject of the story is a very striking one. According to an old Indian custom, if a debt be not paid in time, either the debtor or the man who entered the bond on his books, and put the seal of the bloody dagger on it, had to give his life. In this case a woman is the victim. The writer tells the story impressively.*]

GRANT, J. C.—Torriba, a Princess of the Amorayes, 2/6...Constable
GRAS, F.—The Reds of the Midi, 3/6 .....Heinemann

[*See p.* 171.]

HENNIKER, F.—In Scarlet and Grey, Stories of Soldiers and Others, 3/6 net.....J. Lane
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[*A sympathetic tale of a pauper left a large fortune, to the disgust of his relatives who had sent him to the workhouse. He has a granddaughter to be made a lady of, and this process is effected in double quick time. A nice young man and a charity also profit considerably, and the stingy relatives are disappointed in orthodox and moral fashion.*]

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[*See p.* 176.]

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[*See p.* 171.]

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[*See p.* 169.]

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[*See p.* 173.]

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[*See p.* 177.]

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[*See p.* 176.]

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Westminster Cartoons, vol. 2, by F. C. Gould, edition de luxe, 10/6 *Westminster Gazette* Office
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SKEAT, W. W.—A Student's Pastime, reprinted from "Notes and Queries," 7/6 net .....

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BRUNKER, Lieut-Col. H. M. E.—Notes on Organisation and Equipment, 2/6.....Clowes
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SALES OF BOOKS DURING THE MONTH.

New books, in order of demand, as sold between July 15th and August 15th, 1896:—

LONDON, W.C.

1. Whitman's Leaves of Grass. 2s. net.
2. Traill's Social England. Vol. 5. 17s.
3. Burns' Works. All editions.
4. Canton's W. V., Her Book. 3s. 6d. net.
5. Parker's Seats of the Mighty. 6s.
6. Williams' Made in Germany. 2s. 6d.

Trade very quiet.

LONDON, E.C.

1. Watson's Mind of the Master. 6s. (Hodder & Stoughton.)
2. Corelli's Cameos. 6s. (Hutchinson.)
3. Strong's Christian Ethics. 15s. (Longman.)
4. God and the Ant. 1s. (Ward, Lock.)
5. Lubbock's Scenery in Switzerland. 6s. (Macmillan.)
6. Ros Rosarum. E. V. B. 6s. (Stock.)

MANCHESTER.

1. Corelli's Cameos.
2. Braddon's Sons of Fire.
3. Corelli's Mighty Atom.
4. Halley's History of Nonconformity in Lancashire.
5. Merriman's Flotsam.
6. Dumas' Monte Christo.

BIRMINGHAM.

1. Merriman, The Sowers.
2. Frederic, Illumination.
3. Petrie, History of Egypt.
4. Williams, Made in Germany.
5. R. L. Stevenson's Books.
6. Guide Books.

EDINBURGH.

1. Famous Scots Series: Burns, Knox, etc.
2. Burns, various editions.
3. Merriman's Flotsam.
4. Fellow Travellers. By the Author of Mona Maclean.
5. Marie Corelli's Cameos.
6. Villari's Savonarola, new edition.

GLASGOW.

1. Annals of Gareiochside, Dumbartonshire. By W. C. Maughan. 7s. 6d. (A. Gardner, Paisley.)
2. What is my Tartan? By Frank Adam, F.S.A.Scot. 3s. (W. & A. K. Johnston.)
3. Gathering Clouds. By Dr. Farrar. New edition. 7s. 6d. (Longman.)
4. Gladstone's Subsidiary Studies of Butler's Works. 10s. 6d. and 4s. 6d. (Oxford Press.)
5. Life of Rev. Dr. James McCosh. Ed. by W. Milligan Sloane. With portraits. 9s. (T. & T. Clark.)
6. The Threshold Covenant; or, the Beginning of Religious Rites. By H. Clay Trumbull. 6s. 6d. (T. & T. Clark.)

DUBLIN (1).

1. Sons of Fire. By Miss Braddon. 2s. (Simpkin & Co.)
2. Fabiola. By Card. Wiseman. Cheap edition. 2s. (Burns & Oates.)
3. Lord Edward Fitzgerald. By M. McD. Bodkin. 6s. (Chapman & Hall.)
4. The Imperial Health Manual. Dr. Roche. 2s. 6d. (Fannin & Co.)
5. Jeanne D'Arc. By Mrs. Oliphant. 5s. (Putnam.)
6. Manual of Devotions to St. Antony of Padua. 1s. (Washbourne.)

DUBLIN (2).

1. Freshfield and Sella, The Exploration of the Caucasus. 2 vols. £3 3s. net.
2. FitzGerald, Climbs in the New Zealand Alps. 31s. 6d. net.
3. Lubbock, The Scenery of Switzerland. 6s.
4. Robinson's Flower Garden. 15s.
5. Graham Travers, Fellow Travellers. 6s.
6. O'Grady, In the Wake of King James. 4s. 6d. net.

YORK.

1. Cameos. Marie Corelli. 6s. (Hutchinson.)
2. Weir of Hermiston. R. L. Stevenson. 6s. (Chatto & Windus.)
3. The Mighty Atom. Marie Corelli. 3s. 6d. (Hutchinson.)
4. The Tale of Balen. Algernon Charles Swinburne. 7s. (Chatto & Windus.)
5. English Dictionary. 1s. 6d. (Routledge & Sons.)
6. The Mind of the Master. Rev. J. Watson, D.D. 6s. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

BRADFORD.

1. Merriman's Flotsam. 6s. (Longman.)
2. Lubbock, Sir J., Scenery of Switzerland. 6s. (Macmillan.)
3. Twain, Mark, Joan of Arc. 6s. (Chatto.)
4. Ward, Snowdon, Shakespeare's Town and Times. 7s. 6d. net. (Dawbarn & Ward.)
5. Hastings Chess Tournament. 7s. 6d. (Chatto.)
6. Subsidiary Helps to Bishop Butler. Gladstone. 4s. 6d. (Frowde.)

LIVERPOOL.

1. Merriman's Flotsam. 6s.
2. Corelli's Mighty Atom. 3s. 6d.; and Cameos. 6s.
3. Dawson's Life of Peter Mackenzie. 3s. 6d.
4. Farrar's Gathering Clouds. 7s. 6d.
5. Graham Travers' Fellow Travellers. 6s.
6. Lubbock's Scenery of Switzerland. 6s.

BURNLEY.

1. Encyclopædia of Laws of England. 12 vols. £12. (Sweet & Maxwell.)
2. Williams' Made in Germany. 2s. 6d. (Heinemann.)
3. Kinsfolk. By Annie S. Swan. 1s. 6d. (Hutchinson.)
4. A Plea for a Simple Life. By George S. Keith. 2s. 6d. (A. & C. Black.)
5. Love's Coming of Age. By Carpenter. 3s. 6d. net. (Labour Press, Manchester.)
6. Corelli's Cameos. 6s. (Hutchinson.)

ABERDEEN.

1. Chambers' Life and Works of Burns. Vol. 3. 7s. 6d. (W. & R. Chambers.)
2. A Primer of Burns. By W. A. Craigie. 2s. 6d. (Methuen.)
3. Scottish Clan Tartans. New edition. 2s. 6d. (W. & A. K. Johnston.)
4. Birrell's Res Judicatæ. Cheap edition. 2s. 6d. (Elliot Stock.)
5. Words by the Wayside. By Rev. Dr. Matheson. 1s. 6d. (J. Clarke & Co.)
6. "Contour" Road Book of Scotland. 2s. (Gall & Inglis), and other Travelling Guide-books and Maps.

We guarantee the authenticity of the above lists as supplied to us, each by leading booksellers in the towns named.

TRADE NOTES.

LONDON, W.C.

(*Second-hand.*)

Business exceedingly good, more especially with first editions of modern authors. Never so busy before at this time of the year.

BIRMINGHAM.

Trade has fallen off considerably. August the quietest time of the year. Fiction and educational works most in demand.

YORK.

Although we have had indications of trade having a tendency in the wrong direction for some months past, there are now some signs of improvement. During last month Mr. Hitchman has removed from York to Sheffield, and Mr. Godfrey has resumed the business in Stonegate, York.

GRIMSBY.

Business quiet. Novels, books on birds, poultry, with a few theological works, miscellaneous fiction, adventure, sea novels, etc, being the chief of the books sold during the month.

HEREFORD.

Mr. Carver, of the Old Book Store, 8, High Town, has lately purchased an important ornithological library, and is preparing a catalogue of same. Free to applicants.

BOOKS WANTED.

[Lists of Books Wanted have occasionally to be omitted owing to the senders' names and addresses not being attached.]

ANDERSON & SON, DUMFRIES.

Gilfillan's History of a Man, cheap.
McDowall's History of Dumfries.
Merriman's Novels, any.
Pont's Survey (the Galloway Section).
Geikie's Old Testament Portraits, illustrated, Strahan, 1871.
Brabourne's Stories Told to my Children.
McDowall's 1s. Guide to Dumfries.

EDWARD BAKER, 14 & 16, JOHN BRIGHT STREET, BIRMINGHAM.

Kerr's English Gentleman's House, 1871.
De Clifford, by Mrs. Sherwood.
Kip's Nouveau Theatre, 1708; £5 10s. offered.
Derbyshire Directory, 1812 to 1830, any.
Bradshaw's Time Tables, 1839.
Cupples' Green Hand.
Stanton's Physiognomy.
Nash's Interest Tables, 3 copies.
Biden's Rules, Tables, etc., 1864.
Johnson's Investment Tables.

HENRY BOND, CITY LIBRARIAN, LINCOLN.

Dowden's Transcripts and Studies.
Old English Manners (Roxburghe Library).
Kemble's Records of my Girlhood.
Fawcett's Free Trade and Protection.

THOMAS CARVER, 8, HIGH TOWN, HEREFORD.

Dominican Tertiary's Guide, 1866.
Count of Gabalis, 1680.
Robinson's Mansions and Manors of Herefordshire.
Robinson's Castles, ditto.
Gay's Baby's Opera.
Hinton's Scientific Romances.
Earlom and Turner's Portraits of Characters in British History.
Engravings by Earlom.

ALFRED COOPER, 68, CHARING CROSS ROAD, W.C.

Goldsmith, any early editions.
Alken's Notions, 36 coloured plates.
Dekker (Thos.) Plays, early editions.
Heywood (Thos.), any of his Plays.
Breton (Nicholas), any of his Works.
Randolph (T.), Poems or Plays, early ed.
Marlow (C.), any early editions.
Marston (John), any of his Plays.
Chapman (G.), " "
Any old volumes of Tracts, etc.
Shakspere's Sonnets, 1609.
" Poems, 1640.
" Rape of Lucrece.
Lodge (Thos.), early editions of his works.
Daniel (Sam.) " " "
Niccols (Ricd.) " " "
Braithwait (R.) " " "
Old vols. of Pamphlets or Poems.

WM. D'ALBY, 12, HOLTHAM ROAD, ST. JOHN'S WOOD, N.W.

Wright, Thos., Original Theory or New Hypothesis of the Universe, London, 1850.
Mary Grant, Child's Book.
Iron Horse, by Ballantyne.

WILLIAM HARVIE, 37, MELVILLE DRIVE, MOTHERWELL, N.B.

Volumes of Wit and Wisdom Journal.
Views and Opinions, by W. B. Rands.
Catalogues of Architectural Works.

JAGGARD & CO., 81, LORD STREET, LIVERPOOL.

Lecky's Rationalism, 8vo, vol. 2.
Walton and Cotton, 1826, 2 vols., 16mo.
Gneist's Constitutional History.
Bishop's Marriage and Divorce.
Holden's Sacred Music.
Symonds' Age of the Despots.
Any good 1-volume novels, modern preferred.
Common Prayer, interleaved.
Lamb's Works (Talfourd).
Slater's Lancashire Directory, 1896.
Kelly's " " "
" Cheshire " "
Gore's Liverpool " "
Napoleon's Life (Abbot), 2 vols.
Seaton's Marine Engineering.
Burke's Landed Gentry, 1895.
" Peerage, 1892 or 1893.
Latham's Sanitary Engineering.
Crimp's Sewage Disposal.

LUPTON BROS., BURNLEY.

Gibbon's Rome, Bohn's variorum edition, vols. 5, 6, and 7, mottled cloth.
Stanley's Jewish Church, vol. 2, post 8vo.
Watts' Flora.
Williams' Middle Kingdom, 2 vols., thick 8vo.
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B. & J. F. MEEHAN, 32, GAY ST., BATH.

House, The, of Argyle; Branches of the Clan Campbell, etc., 8vo, 1871.
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Don Quixote (Warne), 1865.
Pictorial History of Germany (Bohn), 1845.
Jones' Bathes of Buckstones, 1572.
Eton; any book, pamphlet, or magazine article on Eton or Eton College.
Beeton's Boys' Own Magazine, 1855-62.
Burke's Works, vol. 1, 8vo, 1823.

MISS ISABEL M. MEEHAN, 21, CHURCH STREET, AMBLE, NORTHUMBERLAND.

The Subjection of Woman, by John Stuart Mill, any edition (first preferred), in good condition.

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Peeps of Palestine and its People.
Stories of Waterloo, 3 vols. (Bentley), 1829.
Shooting (Badminton Library), 2 vols., 1st ed.
Praul and Vine's Botany.

E. H. PICKERING, YORK.

Bagster's Englishman's Greek Concordance of New Testament.
Bagster's Lexicon of New Testament, giving each word as used.

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Cruikshank's Comic Almanack, 1847.
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Behmen, Law's ed., 1763.
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Badminton Library, any.
Building Construction.
Chambers' Journal, Jan., 1896.
Cookery Books.
Dexter's History of Congregationalism.
Descent of Man, Darwin's.
Lorna Doone, 1st ed.
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Vailima Letters.
Hours with the Bible, vol. 4.
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Pall Mall Magazine, Nos. 2 to 12.
Monumental Antiquities of Grimsby.
History of St. James' Church, Grimsby.
Ye Byrde of Gryme.
Pearce's Violins and Violin Makers.
Gosse's British Ornithology, 1853.
Hazlitt's Life of Napoleon, vols. 1, 3, and 4, cr. 8vo, cloth, 1852.
Hartwig's The Sea and its Living Wonders.
Sporting Novels with Coloured Plates.
Green's The Making of England.
Gosse's The Aquarium.
T. Wright's History of Caricature and Grotesque, 4to.
Jesse's London and its Celebrities.

H. T. WAKE, FRITCHLEY, DERBY.

Rotuli Parliamentorum, the Index Volume only, royal fol., 1832.
Wright's Celt, Roman, and Saxon, 1875.
J. Quicherat's Proces de Condamnation, etc., de Jeanne d'Arc, 5 vols., Paris, 1841-9.
Quaker Literature, printed on MS., 1650-1700.
Old Owner's Book Labels, 1600-1780.
Jones' Bathes of Bath, Buxton, etc., 1575, or any edition.
Henry Eighth's Assertion of the Seven Sacraments, Latin edition, by Pynson, 1521.
S. Cowper's Trial for Murder of S. Stout, 1699, any edition.

E. B. WILDMAN, 10, JAMES STREET, LIVERPOOL.

Chambers' Encyclopedia, 1878 ed., section No. 514, in vol. 10. Part wanted containing this.
Thiers' Consulate and Empire, pages 481 to end of vol. 3. Fullarton's edition. Part wanted containing these.

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Palmer, On Doctrine of Development and Conscience, pub. 9s. 6d., 1s, 6d.
Ten Years of Gentleman Farming at Blennerhasset, 2s.
Thomas Moore, The Loves of the Angels, 1823, 1s.
The Family Shakespeare, 4 vols., calf, 1807, 2s. 6d.
Plutarch's Lives, illustrated, 5 vols., calf, 1716, 6s. 6d.
Pope's Works: Notes by Warburton, illustrated, 1756, 7s. 6d.
The Lounger, published at Edinburgh, 1785-86, 3 vols., calf, 3s.
Hume's Political Discourses, 1753, 2s.
The British Apollo, serious, comic, and humorous, 3 vols., 1726, 2s. 6d.
Bell's Gazetteer of England and Wales, 8 vols., 3s. 4d.
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The Lentiad: Peter the Pope, and his pioneers, the Puseymen, pommelled and pounded with a Hudibrastic cudgel by a Beefeater, 1853, 3s.
Swift's Miscellanies in Prose and Verse, 1713, 2s.
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The New Novelists' Magazine, illustrated by Burney, Corbould, Stothard, etc., 2 vols., 1786, 3s. 6d.
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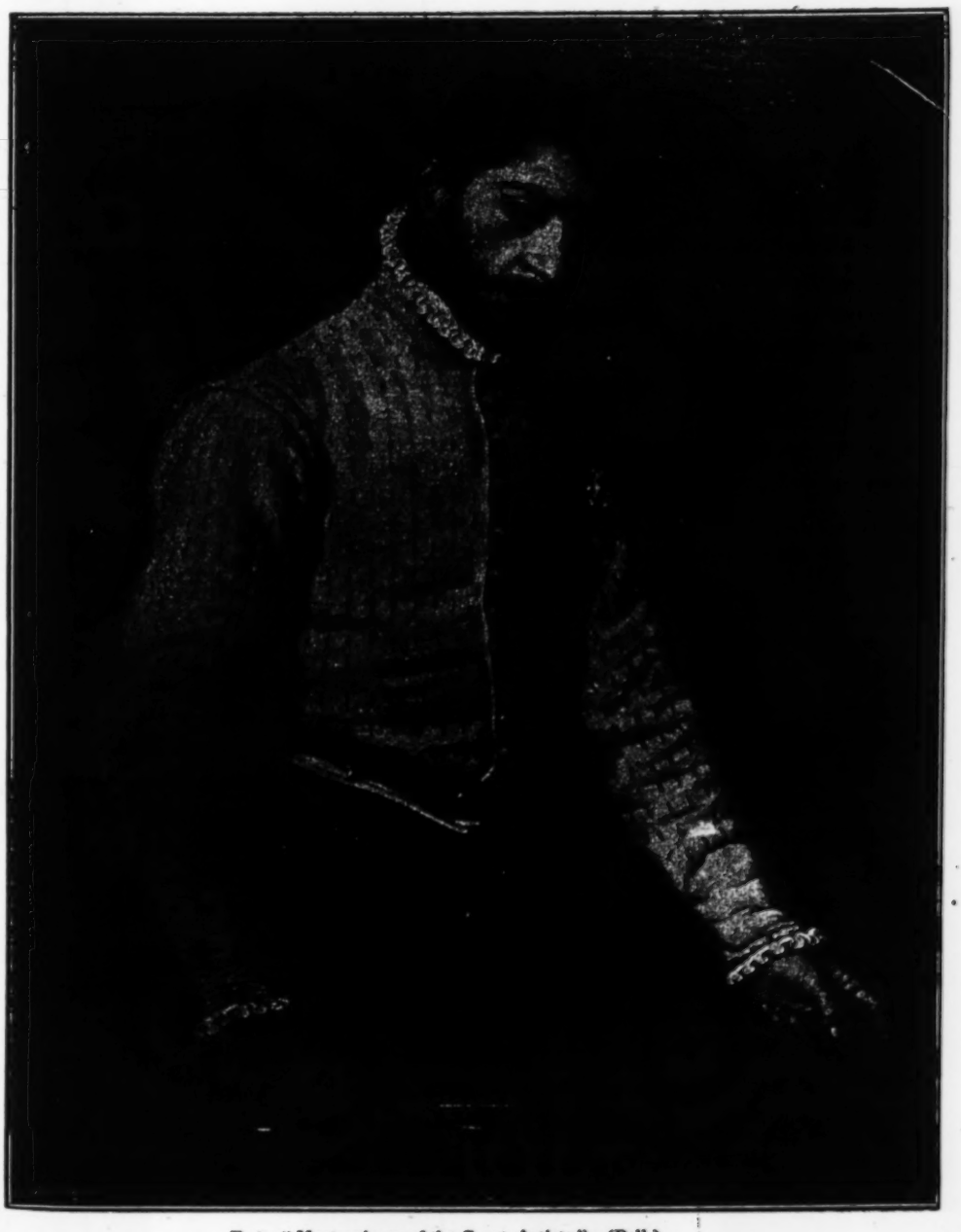

From "Masterpieces of the Great Artists." (Bell.)